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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Was there ever a more equable chieftain than Sir Douglas Haig? However good the news may be—and the news this week is the best we have had since the war began—he puts big facts into brief and simple phrases, leaving his readers to add epithets. He remembers that truth is quiet and that great work done is a preparation for great work to be done. His recent reports have been maps of success. The eager ones ask for something more florid, but the routine of scientific war gives such a sameness to bombardments and attacks that a writer's command over variety in description is soon exhausted. If the people daily learnt by heart the few lines in General Haig's bulletin they would soon be more critical in their attitude towards the variations and elaborations supplied by some other accounts.

On Monday, after a long bombardment of awful intensity, our men went forward again south of the Ancre, on a front of about six miles between Combles and Martinpuich. Two villages north of Combles, Lesbœufs and Morval, were taken, after an advance of more than a mile. The defences of Morval were formidable, what with the underground quarries and the trenches and wire entanglements. As soon as these villages fell the enemy's communications with Combles were "practically severed", with the result that Combles was taken on the following day, with French help from the east and south of the railway. On Tuesday also Thiepval was added to the splendid gains, with the high ridge east of it, including the Zollern Redoubt. And in the centre of our front another fortified village, Gueudecourt, was worried from the Germans, who retreated in disorder, followed by British cavalry. The enemy made counter-attacks in the vicinity of Morval and Lesbœufs, but failed with heavy loss.

In later news the progress continues, particularly in

the direction of Eaucourt l'Abbaye, which is only three and a quarter miles south-west of Bapaume. About 2,000 yards north-east of Thiepval, on the main ridge, our men have taken by storm the Stuss Redoubt, north of Thiepval, on the highest ground of the spur, Schwaben Redoubt has passed into British hands; and successful raids have been carried out near Beaumont-Hamil, west of the Ancre and north-west of Thiepval. The Germans say nothing officially about the loss of Combles, but the "Frankfurter Zeitung" assumes that this fortress has been taken. This journal goes on to say that "days of extreme horror, the inexorable storm of the opponents, fearless even to death, and whose courage it is our duty also to recognise and respect, . . . have not succeeded in deflecting the German supreme command from the new course of which Hindenburg is the leader. . . . A tactical win for the enemy, but no strategic result". Excuses are the ineffectual balm with which the defeated for ever try to cure their pains.

General Ludendorff dreads the British so much that he often omits their victories, and pretends that the mighty battles north of the Somme have been favourable to his own men. If he did any sort of justice to the unconquerable will of our British troops he would scare the German people, who regard the British Empire as their most relentless enemy. Like his predecessor, again, Ludendorff wants to stir up jealousy and discord between France and Britain, partly by recognising the brilliant gains won by French troops, and partly by implying that the French do all the most perilous work. We note this old and foolish game only because it is not ridiculed enough by British newspapers. Some writers are always angered by the familiar routine of silliness in German lies; others find in the word "neutrals" an incessant cause for nervousness, as if German lies were sure to be better diplomats than British victories. Yet these are the writers who tell the world that the war will be over in November!

There are various instances of this dodge to make mischief between the French and the British by half admitting the prowess of the former, and wholly overlooking the prowess of the latter on the Somme. Possibly the idea has been filched from some insignificant and irresponsible French print. But there is no chance whatever of its succeeding, for the French papers—the great majority of them, and, without exception, all the responsible ones—are delighted with the British feats. If there are mischief-makers at all, they are only a few starvelings. The Allies are on the best possible terms with one another—and no wonder, considering the way in which they are “passing” to one another and playing in perfect accord in the grand game at the Somme!

The French took a noble part on Monday in this new movement, beginning their attack at noon on a line stretching between Combles and Rancourt and the defences piled up by the enemy from Rancourt as far as the Somme. They captured Rancourt and carried their lines into Frégicourt; conquered all the ground between this hamlet and Hill 148; extended their positions on a depth of over half a mile from the Combles road as far as Bouchavesnes; carried by assault the hill to the north-east of Bouchavesnes, and did other good work. Next day, in addition to their share in the capture of Combles, they went forward between the north of Frégicourt and the western edge of St. Pierre Vaast Wood. Our Allies progress south-east and east of Rancourt. As for the prisoners taken by this Franco-British advance, they exceed 5,000, and the booty at Combles was important, the Germans having accumulated underground an enormous quantity of ammunition, with supplies of every sort.

No news of outstanding strategic value has come this week from the Italian front, but the pressure is alert and continuous. In the Zara Posina Valley our Allies have occupied a height between Menari and Tovo, and have repelled counter-attacks in several places, as in the Upper Cordevole. Their offensive between the Avisio-Travignolo and Vanoi-Cismon Valleys, which has been doing good work since the end of July, is a steady plodding advance along a precipitous ridge commanding the Dolomite road, which the Austrians have built to connect the Trentino with Cadore. On the afternoon of 23rd Alpine troops took the summit of Mount Gardinal, north-east of Mount Cauriol, and south of the Avisio. As for the struggle in the Carso, the Austrians have made several attacks in force on Hill 208, south of Villanova, the main point in the line recently captured by our Allies, but have done no more than add to their casualties.

It is impossible yet to understand the whole position of affairs in the Dobrudja, but the Roumanians are holding their own, with much brave help from several Russian divisions. It is noted also in Bukarest that the strong attack of General Sarrail's army has been, and is, an invaluable aid, disturbing the Bulgar-German plans. Mackensen's attack on the Tchernavoda-Constanza railway was a battle of hard pounding, in which, after very desperate fighting, victory came to the right side. On the Transylvanian front, in the neighbourhood of the Vulkan Pass, Roumanian troops have attacked and beaten the enemy, who is retreating to the north and north-west. Near Hermannstadt, about fifty-five miles north-east of the Vulkan Pass, a local success seems to have been won by the Austro-Germans; but the position here is obscure. An English correspondent with the Roumanian Army speaks with great enthusiasm of the dauntless tenacity shown by the troops, who advance into battle singing, and who wish to hurry back from hospital into the firing lines.

While we give our armies in the field the praise that

their steady and splendid advances deserve, we should not fail to repeat the truth that wondrous things are being done by our airmen. Their skill and resource give our side a great advantage; they are frequently over the enemy's lines, a position that their rivals are chary about occupying. Such service cannot be carried out without losses, but we believe that, in spite of their inferior activity in the air, the Germans have of late lost as many machines as our own side. One of the latest tributes comes from a Cologne paper, which explains that “the very rainy weather will for the present diminish the troublesome activity of the English air service”. We have got far from the days when the Fokker was regarded as too much for all our inferior machines.

The real condition of things in Germany to-day, the truth exactly about famine and mutiny, or menaces of famine and mutiny—if we could only absolutely satisfy ourselves as to these questions we should then really be able to judge when the war will end! So many of us are fond of telling ourselves and one another this. But even assume this knowledge gained, it is quite questionable whether we should, through it, be able to say to a month or three or six months when the war would end. That is the unsatisfactory fact about all the mingled truth and falsehood as to German internal difficulties to-day. We know for certain there have been of late outbreaks about food and money and other necessities of civilised life. We know for certain that meat is, virtually, out of the question, except for the rich or comparatively rich; also that fats and oils, which are essential to civilisation, are extremely scarce and costly in Germany to-day. What we do not know is how long the people in Germany can suffer these pains and discomforts without causing a military collapse.

Similarly, we know to-day for certain that the German people are awaking slowly, but surely, to the fact that the British Army is not small and contemptible. Here, again, we cannot tell at what point in this new education of the Germans their army will become affected to the point of collapse. The way in which the German people are awaking to the truth is signally illustrated by a speech which Dr. Ernst Bassermann, the leader of the National Liberal Party, lately made. Here is an extract: “In England we have an enemy whose professional Army has been converted into a great citizens' Army. Who would have believed that England could have gone over so quickly, and with such limited domestic resources, to a universal military service basis? Yet to-day the son of the duke bleeds for his Motherland shoulder to shoulder with the son of the cook. The realisation that England's Imperial destiny is at stake has become the common property of the Empire. Thus we must reckon with the iron fact that the war has become graver and more sacrificial for us than anybody at the beginning regarded as at all likely.”

Some journals in London have been quoting this kind of thing since about September 1914. They quoted it in order to show that Germany was nearly done for, and that there was no occasion for Great Britain to adopt “Conscription”, and no occasion to do anything likely to militate against a resumption of all the old party rows and squabbles and Newcastle programmes, and so on, immediately on peace being declared. It was all part of the No-Conscriptionist journals' regular game to quote Bassermann or to quote some kindly German Socialist. Therefore we must not attach the immense importance to the Bassermanns that their admirers over here attached to them. Yet their speeches mean something, mean a little. They do show that Germany is starting out now to learn the ABC of English character.

The Zeppelin raids during the last week have been, we suppose, about as important as the fighting and

results on the Somme divided by, say, a million or ten million. No military damage worth mentioning has been done. Of course, a number of poor people have been killed and wounded by the raiders—as usual, largely women and children. But this is not the reason why huge crowds have gone to gape at some paltry scraps of the Zeppelins, or at the fields where they fell—or at fields which command views of the fields where they fell. No, the crowds have rushed thither simply for sensation and sight-seeing. It is rather despicable, if more or less human. As to these raids, two Zeppelins were shot down in Essex in the raid last Saturday night; one was destroyed by fire and the other damaged. The crew of the damaged Zeppelin formed into column and, flinging away their arms, marched vaguely into the darkness.

"Militarism" at this point in the proceedings received perhaps the severest check it has had so far in the war. The crew of the Zeppelin, in the course of their march in column toward nowhere particularly, appear to have been met and halted by one simple civilian in the shape of a rank-and-file special constable in mufti—and he a carrier! To him is presently recruited a professional policeman. The telephone is resorted to; an escort of soldiers called to the scene, and to them imagine the terrific if depistoled strangers handed over without facilities being granted for a wire home to their anxious wives announcing their safe arrival on terra firma. So the story in the newspaper runs, and who would wish to discredit it that does not grudge a little gift at a season like this to the gaiety of nations? After all, one may muse, on reading this charming fairy tale of real life, is the "policing of the nations" and the "brotherhood of man" such an impossible dream as brutal common sense supposes? At any rate, it has been a great week for what "Punch" described early in the war as "civilian pride".

Why is it that Sunday is a day of battle, not a day of rest, in the history of the war? Why should soldiers, unlike statesmen, wish to do their toughest work during the week-ends? Whatever the reasons may be, not even the most religious are astonished by the fact that the bigger ups and downs of war happen usually between Saturday and Monday. Our country cannot retreat even from summer time into Greenwich time without making use of a Sunday, for 1 October is given as a day of rest in the calendar. At 3 a.m. a fictitious hour will then be lost, with injury to the internal movements of many clocks. Official philanthropists hope that the change of time will be made in a gentle manner. In the case of pendulum clocks, for instance, the pendulum should be stopped for an hour; the hands of other clocks should be put forward eleven hours, but they must not be moved when the clocks strike at each hour and half-hour. The Home Secretary declares he is satisfied with the results of the Summer Time Act, but that a Committee will make a full inquiry before next spring. Objections have been raised against the Act by northern manufacturing districts, and the home secretaries of private life, housekeepers, rightly protest against the effect which summer time has had on the price of electric light. But a referendum might give a big majority to summer time, for it has enabled civilians to feel the vanity of the early riser.

The difficulty between the National Liberal Club and the Ministry of Munitions has been adjusted, and the Club is migrating to the Westminster Palace Hotel. As a fact, the outcry was, we believe, raised by no one in the Club but a small and pretentious minority. The members as a body were not responsible for this ludicrous agitation, or for the pretence that the "spiritual" cause of Liberalism would suffer fatally through the temporary removal. The truth is there still exists a certain number of people in all classes who do not realise, or who refuse to realise, that

"there is a war on". It is these people who raised the clamour. A sprinkling of them are to be found everywhere, agonised because they cannot get whisky and soda after such-and-such an hour, or because the streets are not flaring with hideous electric lights and advertisements, or because "soldiers are everywhere".

The "tanks" have been given a comparative holiday—in print—during the past week. It seems to be recognised that the last possibility in the way of nickname or metaphor for them has now been exhausted. "Woodlice", "plesiosaurus", "behemoth", "caterpillar", "Trojan horse", "prehistoric monster" and many more have done literary service; and as a result the public is utterly mystified as to the whole matter. No wonder it has fled in despair to Zeppelins instead. It is worth noting that Shakespeare, who provided for nearly everything, provided for this conflict of description over "tanks". Thus:—

"HAMLET: Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?"

POLONIUS: By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

HAMLET: Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS: It is backed like a weasel.

HAMLET: Or like a whale?

POLONIUS: Very like a whale".

Substitute tank for cloud and you have a capital addition to *Sortes Shakespearianæ*.

Among the new D.S.O.'s we notice with pleasure the name of our friend and occasional contributor, Captain F. C. Selous, who has done splendid work for the Army. Resourceful, fearless, yet never reckless, of rare experience as a hunter and natural historian, it is easy to understand why Selous is valued in the Army. We hope he will return, at the end of the war, to his beloved birds and beasts and to his games of cricket as young and active as ever. Perhaps, too, he will be able to give Mr. Roosevelt some more hints for the hotly-contested debate between the believers and unbelievers of the colour and environment theory! For example, which colour is more protective—British khaki or French blue-grey? Captain Selous is described as sixty-four years of age. He more resembles—in the fine vigour of his life—thirty-four.

A fresh list of V.C.'s has illumined the world this week. It includes the Rev. W. R. F. Addison—of Salisbury—Chaplain to the Forces. With "utter disregard of personal danger" he went into the open under heavy fire and dressed and rescued wounded men. About most sublime acts as well as sayings there appears to be some kind of paradox: thus one finds, not only in the case cited above, but in half a dozen others that follow, this seeming conflict—a high value attached to life and safety and in the same heart a contempt of life or safety. Neglectful of their own life and safety these V.C.'s worked wonders to save the lives of others. We must mention, too, the V.C. of a native in the Indian Army, Naik Shahamad Khan (Punjabis). This lion-hearted man continued to work his machine-gun in a very exposed position after all the other men round the gun, except two belt-fillers, had fallen. The gun became a casualty, and then the soldier took to his rifle and still beat off the enemy and saved our line from being penetrated. In the end he brought away the gun and everything of value except—two shovels! Are we returning, in deeds of personal physical prowess, to the age of Arthur and the Round Table?

Lieutenant Wyndham Tennant, Lord Glenconner's heir, fell on 22 September, aged nineteen. His last letter to Lady Glenconner, written just before going into action, was printed in the "Times" on Wednesday, and is a document of singular beauty. Perhaps more than one reader, lighting on it, may have been reminded of the words Campbell gives Napoleon over a gallant soldier:

"A noble mother must have borne so brave a son".

LEADING ARTICLES.

THIEPVAL AND COMBLES.

THIEPVAL was a very hard nut to crack: no one who has looked with a pair of field glasses or with his naked eye on that sinister earthy fort and seen the high explosive shells of our glorious gunners bursting there could fail to be oppressed somewhat by a sense of its strength and defiance. The British Army has swung a mighty hammer—and smashed Thiepval! So much is certain through the Commander-in-Chief's great but temperate messages of victory which followed one another almost thick and fast on Tuesday and Wednesday this week. Combles (a Franco-British gain) and Thiepval (a British victory) have fallen virtually at one swing of the hammer—think of it, and contrast it with the nibbles and dribbles of part of a trench here and the lip of a crater there which we and the French were forced by circumstances to content ourselves with before the wrestlers locked fairly together in July!

We know through the broad mind of Ecclesiastes that to everything there is a season; a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down and another to build up; a time to weep, laugh, mourn, and dance. We believe there is also a time to crow, though it should be reserved for quite exceptional occasions. Crowing is bad as a habit, and in this war it has too often been indulged in from the wrong farmyard and at an unseasonable hour. But a little crow surely is permissible on the morrow of news like this of Thiepval and Combles. The rider in the poem who brought by road the good news to Ghent, at tidings like these after two years' waiting, might almost have got another ounce out of his dead-beat steed. It is the best news—of the French and British combined—in the war so far; and, curious to relate, this great news as a whole is—reading between the lines—almost as satisfactory to receive through the enemy's official communiqués as through those of the Allies. We have more than once suggested that the enemy's official announcements are, despite their impudent falsifications and suppressions—sometimes, it must be admitted, distinctly clever falsifications and suppressions—well worth study: and that it is a mistake to suppose that, because they are enemy claims and because they naturally at times make us in a rage, we should not, as patriotic citizens, read them. Quite on the contrary, we ought to read them. Thus they have been warning us lately of the enemy device, astute but somewhat over-anxious, to sow the seeds of a little military rivalry between fast friends. And now, switching off from that line for the moment—what a bitter moment!—we find them actually intent on healing any little hubbub that may arise in the Fatherland owing to the continuance of these "strategic movements to the rear".

Herbécourt, Frise, Vaux, Cléry, Maurepas, Bouchavesnes, etc., in the French sphere of influence; Fricourt, Mametz, Contalmaison, Longueval, Delville, Pozières, Flers, Martinpuich, Guillemont, Ginchy, Lesbœufs, etc., in the British sphere of influence; and now Thiepval and Combles, with our outposts still pushing forward! These repeated rebuffs for the invincible army may well need some softening down or spiriting away in the Fatherland, if Deutschland is still to be über alles. Hence clearly the German official communiqué of this week, with its confession that "the results which the enemy obtained in the east of Eaucourt-l'Abbaye and by the capturing of the villages situated in the Gueudecourt-Bouchavesnes line have to

be recognised", but "before all we must think of our heroic troops, which here had to face the combined Anglo-French main forces and the massed employment of the materials prepared by the war industry of the whole world after many months of labour". Were our enemy as generous as he is certainly strong and brave we might respect the bruised pride of this confession, wrenched from him through iron necessity. But, as it is, the only emotion outside the Fatherland and its sphere which the words will excite will, we think, be of amusement and curiosity as to the next trick in the German game of words.

The blow that cracked the great fortresses of Thiepval and Combles came, no doubt, as the enemy has a right to explain, from a very big hammer—one which will presently swing again, thanks to "the war industry of the whole world". But the Thiepval and Combles victory means, unless we labour under a considerable mistake, a good deal more than the smashing brute force of a giant. There are sundry little things that have come quietly to our knowledge or observation which attract us to the view that a master strategy—devised well beforehand by the best and coolest military heads of the Allies, served by joyous and indefatigable staffs—taught the hammer how to swing! We put it that this affair has, to a nicety, been gauged and carried through by brains plus bulk. Even the quite overt facts bespeak brain work, thorough, precise, and cool—the sweeping nature of the success, its swiftness, the large train of prisoners.

Besides, the lightness of our casualties bespeak it. Bravo the Army and bravo its Staff! But now the nation at home, having got its taste of jam, must agree to swallow a little more powder. The Army must have more men, a great many more men, without quibbling and delay; and the munition makers must cram into the day and night more work, more ardour than ever. The Army must have millions upon millions of rounds of fresh shells and fresh munitions of all sorts.

The men must be forthcoming without parley and nonsense: otherwise all that has been done on the Somme will be done in vain. The Army looks to the people at home: and the people at home must pile up the shells and pour in the men.

THE POSITION OF GREECE.

MONARCHICAL diplomacy in Greece has tried to put infinity into the ambiguous. Here is a fact to be remembered by those who believe that the Entente Allies were unresponsive when Greece offered to join their ranks. An offer is judged by its conditions, and waverers in a time of war want to give little for much, or suggest that they should give enough at the wrong time and in the wrong way. Fearing both belligerents, and wishing to know which of the two is decisively the stronger, they try to bide their time in evasions, and hope that at last they may be able to come without danger to a settled frame of mind. This game of expediency is natural, but nothing less than genius can play it with success. Since the overthrow of Serbia, and the gathering of Allied forces at Salonica, King Constantine and his nominees have had many a chance of becoming important on the side of justice and honour; but, yielding to excessive caution in their search for the winning side, they loitered behind the changed progress of the war, and let their country drift into humiliation, disunion, and the present troubles.

So much space in the newspapers is occupied by Grecian affairs that many persons place a wrong value on the situation. Some talk as though Greece were

of vital concern to the Entente Allies, forgetting that the war has travelled beyond her moment, and that she is now of vital importance to herself alone. It is only by doing the right thing in the right way that she can recover her lost prestige and make herself fit for a progressive future. Greek residents in London understand that the point to be considered is the inestimable value of the Entente Allies to the present and future of their country. In their telegram to M. Venizelos, published on Tuesday, they declare that the Greek people, by showing indifference towards the surrender of the Kavala garrison and the Bulgarian raid on their liberties, have produced in England the impression that their nation has degenerated and become unworthy of serious interest. The telegram adds: "We have become a laughing-stock and are treated with contempt. If such an impression is not promptly corrected the consequences will be much graver for the nation than any territorial losses".

That M. Venizelos has the same opinion is proved by his message to "The Times", in which his past and present actions are explained. He has never swerved from the belief that the welfare of Greece depends upon her traditional friendship with the Entente Powers; so he has tried invariably to unite her fortunes with those of the Allied cause. In February, 1915, when his policy of intervention was rejected, he resigned office, but the elections of June approved his foresight and patriotism, and in August, 1915, M. Venizelos returned to power—and also, unfortunately, to defeat. For his King set aside the Treaty with Serbia, and it was clear to M. Venizelos that another factor besides the Treaty was treated as negligible. "The moment Bulgaria joined the Central Powers against the Entente", he says, "it became an absolute necessity, if only to safeguard the bare interests of my country, that she should immediately join the ranks of the Entente Powers." After his second resignation affairs in Greece went from bad to worse, till at last the betrayal of Kavala, after Bulgarian raids through the greater part of Greek Macedonia, brought the country to a grave crisis. Add to this fact the far-seeing example set by Roumania, and its inevitable effect on the Venizelists.

Yet nothing was done for the defence of Greece by those who were responsible for her government. It was in vain that M. Venizelos exhausted every possible means of inducing them to take up arms. He offered unconditional support to any Grecian Ministry that would carry out the policy of intervention, and implored his King to come at once to the nation's rescue, either by acting alone as leader of the patriots or by choosing the right statesmen. He would retire himself if inaction on his part would make it easier for King Constantine to get rid of hesitation.

Every appeal having failed, M. Venizelos is convinced that those who now control Greek policy do not intend to fight against the Bulgarians. For these reasons, after long hesitation, he has gone to the Greek Islands, in order to head the patriotic revolt against an intolerable situation. He is accompanied by Admiral Condouriotis, Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Navy, and by other militant patriots. M. Venizelos says: "Do not think I am heading a revolution in the ordinary sense of the word. The movement now beginning is in no way directed against the King and his Dynasty." It is "made by those of us who can no longer stand aside and let our countrymen and our country be ravaged by the Bulgarian enemy. It is the last effort we can make to induce the King to come forth as King of the Hellenes and to follow the path of duty in protection of his subjects. As soon as he takes this course we, all of us, shall be only too glad, and ready at once to follow his flag as loyal citizens led by him against our country's foe."

Here is a political strike rather than a revolution, and the power which it has gained is certainly a power to be controlled by a strong man and a true patriot. If it got out of hand—and the temper of excited crowds can never be trusted—the aim of M. Venizelos might

be compromised, and some inconvenience might be caused to the Allied forces. In Crete thirty thousand patriots, fully armed, are in complete authority over the island, and a similar ferment is active in Chios, Lemnos, Samos, and Mytilene. We have confidence that M. Venizelos and his colleagues will direct with firm, good judgment the patriotic agitation. They are aided by circumstances even among those Deputies who have been much nearer to pro-Germanism than to Hellenic foresight. For example, there is the fact that Germany guaranteed the liberty of Kavala, Seres, and Drama, and dishonoured her pledged word within a fortnight, proving again that her diplomacy is a trap for the ingenuous.

Whatever King Constantine may decide to do, is it not evident that his people—or a big majority of them—will continue to assert their will if he declines to rule as they desire for the independence of Greece? By joining the Allied cause he has a great deal more to gain than he and his little nation have to give, and he has everything to lose by misunderstanding the rapid decline of strength in the Central Powers. So it is expedient, as well as patriotic, for the King of the Hellenes to rule with and for his people. If the Allies could not win without the military support of Greece, his present policy would be understood; but the plain truth is that Greece cannot flourish unless she unites herself to the winning cause of the Entente Powers.

Naval demonstrations have shown Greece that pro-German plots, culminating in a gift of Greek troops to Germany, have overstrained the forbearance of her friends, adding an impudent nuisance to the many perils which General Sarraïl's troops have to encounter in a bad climate. Such a nuisance in a time of war is more irritating than a danger, and therefore less tolerable. According to the "Novoe Vremya", the Court policy in Greece will take no decisive turn until William's brother-in-law is made incapable of irritating the Entente Powers; but is there not persuasion enough in the Nationalist movement to draw King Constantine from a routine of mistakes? Already it is reported that he has made the right choice, and we hope abundant confirmation will come during this week-end.

THE ZEPPELINS IN PERSPECTIVE.

IT is a law of Nature and of perspective that near things look considerably bigger than far things. On the other hand, it is part of the training of civilised humanity to educate itself into a reasonable independence of national laws which are merely obstructive. It does not take very long for the human mind to discover that a penny-piece which blots out the sky is not really bigger than the sky; and it does not take very much longer to discover that in the realm of mental, as well as physical perspective it pays to correct one's notions of the near event or motive by an imaginative realisation of those that are more distant. The savage whose sense of perspective is limited by a large and empty stomach on Monday is soon found to lie at a disadvantage as compared with the savage whose sense of perspective includes a possible succession of empty stomachs on Tuesday and Wednesday.

It is therefore hardly possible to feel very much sympathy for all those excited people who during last week-end could think and talk of nothing else but of the Zeppelins. For these people were one and all suffering from the delusion that a penny-piece is bigger than the sky just because it happens to be nearer. There were many more important things happening in France, Roumania, Galicia, and Dalmatia than anything which can happen in a turnip-field somewhere in the Eastern Counties. But anyone who heard people talking, or who read their newspapers on Monday last, would have come to the conclusion that the war was being lost and won by a special constable who met some Germans in an English lane. Only the fewest

and most casual words could be found for the fighting in the trenches, which even then was swinging the Allies forward towards Comblès and Thiepval. The Zeppelins had for the moment blotted out men's view of the Great War.

One can reasonably allow for a natural outburst of satisfaction at the visible and awful proofs which have just been afforded our enemy that the defences against the Zeppelins are at last getting more in order. We have waited long and anxiously for such proof, and it is for many reasons most welcome. The German nation has a perverted pride and delight in these murdering craft, partly because they are the special invention of the German mind, but more because, like the submarine, they are a weapon which has been able to threaten the islander in his own home and waters. It will help considerably in the work on which the Allies are now so seriously bent—the work of bringing our enemy face to face with the approaching winter season in a thoroughly downcast and crestfallen state of mind—to have been able to counter his submarines by sea and his Zeppelins by land more effectively than he ever dreamed to be possible. It is correspondingly heartening to the moral of our people that two novel and incalculable threats to the security of our supplies and industries should have been, at all events, measured and defined. In addition to this, there is something in the doom of the felled Zeppelin or of the submarine caught in the toils of her secret and merciless work below the sea, which appeals irresistibly to the sense of poetic justice. It is satisfying to know that retribution can fly upon an even wing with the destructive Teuton when he climbs the sky, or sink with him to the finny recesses of the ocean. Nevertheless, when we have allowed for everything that lends glamour and force to the dizzy feats of our brave airmen who brought the Zeppelins down, and thus destroyed, once for all, the legend of impunity and invulnerability which they at one time shared with the craft which war upon neutral merchantmen, there must remain over a considerable balance of quite preposterous excitement. Not a tenth of the attention has been paid this week to one of the most important events of the war—the capture of Comblès and Thiepval—as has been paid to the least detail of the late downfall of the Zeppelins. The public gaze was directed far more closely upon the gossips who were collecting buttons and bits of metal among the turnips in Essex than upon the wonderful new telegrams from France.

All this is hardly fair to our soldiers in the trenches. It is they who are playing the principal part in the big drama of the moment; and it is they, along with our sailors at sea, who should direct our eyes. We are not yet, it seems, living where everyone should be living to-day, either in fact or in imagination—namely, in the trenches and upon the ships where the dead already are a host, and where heroically impossible things are done upon very day of every week in the year. Henceforth we should study to appear a little less excited about defeating the Zeppelins. It is true they happen to be attending to our own particular sector of the line, and that we at home, as we watch them, are facing about the only chance we shall ever have of becoming a casualty. But it would be well if we steadied ourselves on the morrow of the next Zeppelin raid by looking away from its story, even though it be as striking and as fortunate as Zeppelin stories have lately tended to become, to the record in tiny print of the casualties in France, or to the brief and soldierly records from Sir Douglas Haig of the progress from trench to trench of our fighting men.

There is no intention here of belittling the achievements of our airmen and anti-airmen, or of slighting the grievous losses of those who have suffered in the late raids. This would be to invite a just nemesis. But there should be reasonable limits to our public interest and satisfaction in the bringing down of one or two enemy airships, with some forty or fifty Germans,

living or dead; and these limits have not been observed. People have preferred to play into the hands of our enemy by making a fuss out of all proportion to the occasion, and thus fortifying him in his excessive estimate of the misgiving and alarm which these raids inspire. The German might quite reasonably argue that people do not, without tremendous cause, "maffick" in the midst of a life-and-death encounter with an enemy whom we all admit to be very far from defeated yet. We glorify the Zeppelins by our printed celebrations, our long pilgrimages by midnight, and diligent grubbing for souvenirs. We really ought not to have energy for such things at present, and the inclination for them would probably die out of the most excited of any one of us who really stopped for a moment or so to think of the men in France who "stand to" at every dawn behind the parapet.

It would be well to let the next incident of this kind pass quietly by, with no more notice than is due to the facts as they are officially given out. Let us be content to read of the Zeppelin raids upon England as we read of similar events abroad. Lately, for example, there was an Allied air raid upon Essen. Every other day there are air raids upon the enemy's communications and reserves. These raids are more important than any German air raid upon England has yet succeeded in being. We might with advantage reserve an eye from the Zeppelin raids on England for these Allied raids abroad. We shall then begin to realise more clearly that, in places where command of the air is of direct military value, the Germans are less eager to seek occasion for a contest than in the quieter and higher atmosphere of civilian England, and we should be the less inclined to make so terribly much of the Zeppelins. If the Zeppelins were going to win or lose the war they would not be coming to England at all. They would be seeking out the armed foe on the field of battle in France and Poland. The truth is that the Zeppelins, though they may inflict loss and suffering within civilian areas unprovided against their attack, are not going to win or lose the war. We should therefore refrain from giving them a false importance just because they happen to be near. It is true that thousands have seen the Zeppelins who have never seen our airmen in action at the front, or witnessed a bombardment from a Krupp battery. But a little thought and imagination should enable our people to correct the perspective of things seen by means of a more correct inner vision of things which, fortunately, they are not called upon to see.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 113), BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

I.—GUN POWER AND MAN POWER.

THE past weeks have laid bare the secrets of the difficulties which confront the directors of the administration of a great war. A circular from the hand of Falkenhayn has drawn attention to the prospect of a shortage in German gun power and the necessity for studied economy in the use of it, and a Committee has been formed by our own Secretary of State for War to study the question of maintaining the man power of our armies in the field. The life of a gun is of material consequence upon the battlefield. Ever since the days when monster weapons were created to conquer armour on a battleship, the whole method of construction of the weapon has undergone a revolution. The casting of guns in huge moulds became out of the question, for the larger the cast, the less free from flaws became the metal, nor could the cast piece possess sufficient resiliency to withstand the constantly increasing heavy strains which the new forms of powder demanded. Guns are now made by a building-up process, by a shrinking on of successive wrought iron or steel jackets, where in the different cylinders that are fitted one over the other, the fibre of the

metal is so placed as to offer resistance either laterally or transversely, as the designer is of opinion that the strain will be most effectually met. Lastly came the bore made of rolled wire, or of the finest of fine steel, accurately fitted into the jacket. And then the process of rifling was undergone, and upon the method and the strength of the rifling depended the accuracy of the shooting and the useful life of the weapon. It follows that as the flame of the propelling powder scored the threads of the rifling and the bore by constant use they both gradually became enlarged, and as a consequence the accuracy of the shooting was affected. Falkenhayn has had his attention drawn to the fact that the continuous battles before Verdun and on the Somme have lasted beyond the useful life of the guns which have taken part in the contest. True it is that guns can be withdrawn from the firing line and despatched to foundries and arsenals where new linings can be inserted, and the gun given a renewed life; but it is a lengthy process, as all the testing has to be carried out afresh. The useful life of the gun is the crux in the battle methods of this modern trench warfare. Whether in attack or defence, the failure of the gun to play its part by the most accurate of shooting, spells non-confidence in the men with whom it is co-operating. We can imagine a line of men who, whether in attack or defence, are relying upon a barrier fire, which must place its shell with religious accuracy where required, suffering in moral, where the shooting is wild and where as much danger is caused to friend as to foe. This danger becomes of still greater moment when the gunner is denied the help that he has possessed so long of a shot-observing airman. Maybe this call for economy of gunfire by Falkenhayn is the result of the bold air tactics of our Royal Flying Corps. German gunners have been wanting in success in their attempts to register. They have wasted ammunition in the endeavour.

Our present Secretary of State for War, freed from existing anxiety as to gun power, which he as a former Minister of Munitions has bestowed upon our armies in the field, now finds himself confronted by the question of man power sufficient to sustain the conflict. This difficulty was foreseen in the early pages of these appreciations. It was there pointed out that the entire manhood of the nation that was of war service age would be eventually required, and that such men for whom arms were not obtainable should be relegated to the Reserve and called up when opportunity offered. In place of facing the question boldly, we met it by a chicken-hearted Registration Bill, which afforded many loopholes for escape. The greatest opponents of the idea that the path of safety lay in the path of duty were Ministers themselves, who seemed determined that the last thing to go to the wall was their own department. The continuous system of "combing out" creates discontent and ill-feeling between class and class, and the hesitation to adopt a method adds daily to the prolongation of the war.

II.—THE WESTERN THEATRE.

The war is going to be fought out to a finish in the Western theatre. It is there that the final blow will be struck. That it will be costly in men and material we have every reason to know by experience. Victory, as it has so often been stated in these pages, will be assured to the Allies if in the last struggle a million fresh fighting men stand behind the combatants ready to dictate to the conquered Germans the will of the Entente Powers.

The battles on the Somme, more continuous in their effort and more determined in purpose than any hitherto fought, have been a lesson to both friend and foe. They have taught the Allies that in men, method and material they are the superior of their enemy. The German has had reason to learn of the staying power of the foe he faces. After twelve weeks of battle he sees his opponent still pushing ahead, inconsequent of

losses. In the process of retirement the German has learnt that he is becoming outgunned, outranged, out-fought on land and sea. His counter-attacks in massed formation are crushed almost at the starting-point. A few days' more progress of the Allies in the West on the scale of the last fortnight and Hindenburg's plan of dealing smartly with the Eastern problem which has arisen will need considerable modification. A few more probes into the regions to the east of the Bapaume-Péronne road will strike into the arteries of communications which lead to the sinuous defence lines that confront our Ally in the sector of Noyon and the Aisne. In this battle of parallel fronts, which stretch from the sea to neutral Switzerland, it is only where the serpentine nature of the front obtains that the tactical combat can afford an opportunity of proving itself a power in the strategic purpose. The Somme affords such a chance, and movements of German army divisions from within must not only produce disquiet in the military situation throughout the Western theatre, but must unhinge the moral of the very nation itself. The German people have been taught that the bulwarks they were fortunate to gain in 1914 at Roye, Lassigny and Noyon still afford to their armies hopes of reaching Paris. Every day that our Ally makes headway south of the Somme must cause fresh anxiety to the Great General Staff in Berlin. Péronne is a point of hope for both combatants, and its capture might dislocate German strategy both in the West and in the East.

III.—THE EASTERN THEATRE.

Hindenburg, apparently satisfied that the West can look after itself, and that the Austro-Hungarians must make the best of a bad job in the Trentino and on the Carso, has thrown his soul into the fight upon the Eastern theatre. He has scraped up every division he could lay his hands upon, with a firm resolve to break the Russian-Roumanian offensive. We know not the precise region where the blow will be attempted. By striking at Halicz he can fulfil a double purpose. He can co-operate largely in the defence of Lemberg, and he can interpose with force at the junction of the armies of the Allies. Like all the problems that he sets himself, such a one would be bold in conception. Should he succeed, it will be only at the gain of a *statu quo*, for he has not the means to prosecute a sustained offensive. Meanwhile the passes over the Transylvanian Alps are in Roumanian hands. An enemy from the west who succeeds in piercing one of them will find a strategic railway in Roumania which runs parallel to the frontier, ready to anticipate a foe debouching upon the eastern slopes by means of the lateral communication afforded by the railway. But we can hardly expect such a necessity to arise. The junction of the new Allies has been effected in the northern armies, but not as yet in such numbers as to prove of much menace to the Austro-Hungarians. Not many weeks of the campaigning season in these regions are left to the armies. It is a time to take a firm grip of what has been gained and to create a holdfast, impenetrable to Hindenburg, whose strategic design may be to overwhelm Roumania from the west, while Mackensen co-operates from the south. It is the hour above all others when blows should be rained upon the Germans from all parts, west, east, and south.

It seems futile to expect a scheme of co-operation in the Allied purpose in Bulgaria so long as the tangle at the Piræus is permitted to exist. Armies cannot fight a foe in front whilst they have troops of doubtful allegiance behind them. Gallant Serbia is allowed to throw her forces in and attempt to wrest from Bulgaria much of her treasured soil in the region of Monastir, but France and England cannot play their full parts in a difficult campaign unless unfettered in their action. One can see through the game that is being played by Greece. A shilly-shally policy will be allowed to prevail until just the moment when the elements will declare themselves master of the military situation and the Balkan snows will make movement well nigh impossible.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

A VERY GENTLEMAN.

SO lived and so died Lt.-Colonel Lord Feversham whilst leading his men into action on 15 September last. His body, where it lay, marked the limit of our advance for the day; his face was the nearest set against the enemies of his country.

A short span of life—thirty-seven years—had been allotted to him, and, as though forewarned that time was scarce with him, he set about early the business of life, and set about it with a will. Serious and determined in all his undertakings, he soon put aside childish things, and with firm purpose, and the full confidence of youth, became a man.

Tradition—the best tradition of his race and class—was his standard; and duty—the duty owed to God and man—was his watchword. The limitations set to all human knowledge concerning the why and wherefore of things troubled him not at all. Unquestioning and serene, faithful and fearless, it was enough for him to fear God and follow his conscience; and will any say that they have found a better way?

Eton and Oxford built and improved upon the foundations of a right instinct and a strong character, and never has the conventional training of an English gentleman been better justified by any one of its children. The public service followed, local and Imperial. To all and everything, to Parliament as to a pack of hounds, he lent the same energy, thoroughness, and good humour. He was pleased with what he did, not because he had done it well, but because he had done his duty.

Elected to the House of Commons in 1906, he found himself in a body of men the majority of whom were violently opposed to all that he politically held most dear; but, never losing heart, he soon won a welcome hearing, and gained ungrudging respect. Sturdy and cheery, he smiled away wrath and cheeked the Treasury bench in such a manner that they came to like it. He spoke of what he knew, and believed in what he said. He felt he was right, and no clever jingle of words, nor speech with intellectual smear, could shake his judgement or trouble his convictions. The House is no respecter of persons, but it respects a man, and can recognise a gentleman.

For eight years he fought loyally for his party, and always for his principles; and then—suddenly—there came to him the great Call. It found him ready of course—he was never otherwise; the trumpet had only to blow and he was there. Scarcely had the Minister sat down, after proclaiming the Great War, than Lord Helmsley was at the War Office, clamouring for employment at the front.

And this was a man of great possessions. Happy in what he had, and contented with his own, he counted himself fortunate among men, and set out to prove worthy of his fortune. But just as he envied no man, so no man was envious of him, the least sympathetic recognising that here was the right man in the right place, the most conceited unable to imagine themselves better men.

"All this is ended." Closed is the short passage of a life more packed with good than most can find among the lumber of their years, to whatsoever term extended, let them rummage where they will. Cheerily he laid down all that God in life had given him; gallantly he gave himself in return. With a firm and certain faith he reached out and up for the higher things that now are his: into the mists that wrap him from our sight there passes one who showed us how to live and how to die.

G. E. R.

AT THE FISHING VILLAGE.

BY WILFRED OMER COOPER (B.E.F. FRANCE).

OF all parts of England that I know, I think that I love harbours best. They are for ever filled with the very peace of God, and in the little villages that lie beside them the toilers of the deep rest from their labours. Here lie the fishing boats that go out along the coast, and here are the mighty ships that have known all the paths of the ocean, and have their way among the islands of the sea. Here dwell the strong seamen that have their home upon the shores of all the world, and beside them the simple fishermen that toil for ever at their nets and have loved the white cliffs of their own land. All peoples, all tongues are here, and the treasures of all countries and of the kings of the world are gathered together.

Yet it is not a harbour filled with the strong ships that brings a vision of strange lands and of the deep seas I love most of all. Not far from my home there is a harbour, too shallow for ships, and quiet save for the rowing boats and the little grey punts of duck-shooters, and filled with the peace of the sunset. Into it flow two rivers—one of them famous for its salmon—between stands the old Priory church, a landmark for many miles around, and filled with the beauty given to it by those whose hearts were with God continually. At the mouth of the harbour lies the village of Mudeford, and the black houses of the fishermen stand on either side of the "run" through which its waters mingle with those of the sea. On one side are water meadows which in spring are golden with kingcups and white with the cuckoo flower; and on the other lies a heather-covered headland, cut off from the land by mighty earthworks, reared when the land was yet young and its people still free, and bounded on the seaward side by the high cliffs where the kestrels breed.

This is to me the land. Here I would wish to dwell for ever listening to the lapping of the waters on the shore, and with the curlew's wild cry mingling with the whistle of the sandpipers. By the little brackish pools among the reeds the redshanks have their nests and the lapwings are calling over the meadows, while down by the water's edge the cormorants are sitting in a solemn row, and out on the mudbanks the gulls and shelldrakes and dotterel are mingled together in a black-and-white crowd. There is a little wood at the side of the headland, carpeted with wood-sorrel and ivy, amongst which the tiny shrew-mice run to and fro, squeaking and falling over in their excitement when they come on some beetle or earthworm hidden under its leaves. The great silent owls live here, but they do not often come out in the daytime, and the wood is full of the song of the birds and the call of the cuckoo. Bluebells grow among the bracken, and the sunshine falls along the little paths that lead nowhere, while the great blue-and-yellow dragonflies that live by the pools on the hill-side dart to and fro among the trees. Here is the dwelling-place of the folk of peace, and he that finds them shall never again be able to return to the world that lies without. Time shall cease for him, and he shall think no more of things past or things to come, for they shall have power over his heart for ever.

Down by the water's edge the ground is covered with sea-lavender and thrift and glasswort. Here the adder lies basking in the sunshine, but there is neither hate nor fear between us, and I see in him a part of that eternal whole in which there can be nothing evil. He, too, is filled with the beauty of Nature, and my love for him is as great as for the briar rose that is blowing in the hedge.

In the water the tiny flat-fish are darting from stone to stone, while the quaint little crabs, always on guard against attack, are sidling across the shingle, and the mysids—the phantom shrimps—are gliding along under the surface. The green weed on the stones is a hiding-place for strange-shaped creatures, and in the mud live brightly-coloured worms and the "cup-tailed" cyathmus. I have made this one of my happy hunting-grounds, and here I spend the warm summer days

searching for that secret of happiness which man alone has failed to unravel. The little folk give me of their knowledge, and I am made wise with the wisdom of the blue waters and of the earth.

In the banks of the harbour lives one who has solved at least one great problem of life—to live without the thought of food. This is a quaint little creature belonging to the great group of the isopoda—the even-footed ones—and its name—*gnathia*, the toothed—is as an echo of its strange appearance. It has followed the path of degeneracy, for the children eat and toil while the parents neither work nor feed, being as it were dead while life is still within them. The young are glorious in colour, green and yellow and brown, and are full of the joy of existence. They swim freely in the water and, clinging to the skins of the little flat-fish with their hooked claws, they suck the blood from their living bodies with their sharp-pointed beaks, growing larger and stronger and more beautiful each day. They are free and happy, and have no thought save for their food and their play: sorrow has not yet fallen upon them, and they are filled with the joy and strength of youth.

But there comes a day when they must abandon their life of adventure and cast away the delights of youth and take up the form and the life of the parents of their race. They are dull-coloured, sluggish, and strange in appearance, and none who had not seen would guess that they and their children were of one race. They crawl into holes in the muddy banks, and, eating nothing and seeing nothing in their gloomy hiding-places, they await through the long months the coming of the new generation. The males are fierce-looking and unshapely; their bodies are swollen with the food gathered in their childhood, and they have huge square heads and projecting jaws, but they are timid and retiring in all their ways, and their strong jaws and terrible teeth are but for the tender caresses of love. When they are attacked they do not even attempt to defend themselves, but, folding their legs against their bodies, they seek in the appearance of death a refuge from the perils of life. They walk sedately, and feel their way with their antennæ, but they move as little as may be, for all their desires and hope have gone from them, and there is nothing left that they may work for. They live in little passages leading from the main holes, and are slow and careful in all their movings to and fro. They are not unhappy, yet they can never feel great pleasure, for their senses are dulled, and they have no thought of things past, present, or to come.

The females have taken a step further in their abandonment of the pleasures of life; but they have as reward the great joy of self-sacrifice. Their bodies have gone, and there are left only the shell and the head and limbs linked together by a slender chain of nerves, the empty framework being filled in turn with eggs and with the young. For them the mother has given up all things, even life itself, and they, in their turn, must pass through the same cycle of existence, and must one day suffer for others, even as others have suffered for them. This is the one aim and object of their existence, and having attained it, they die, knowing that there will never fail of others to carry on the labour of the race. Whether in the days that are to come there shall spring from these slow toilers a stronger, better race, more filled with life and energy, ever working upward, or whether they shall sink to still lower depths none can dare to guess; but they care nothing for these things; the way of life lies straight before them, and they, turning neither to the right nor to the left, press on towards an unknown goal. Their reward is that they have lived, and, never looking backward, they pass into oblivion. In this lies the secret of their happiness: that they have never questioned and have never doubted. They performed the task that was set before them without faltering, and therefore are they freed from all bonds.

The young, when they are at last strong enough to face life alone, creep out from their mother's body—

which is left an empty skin, from which the life shall soon vanish—and, without remembering the past or thinking of the future, plunge into the unknown waters and fight out their lives, devouring and being devoured, until the time comes for them to cast aside self and think only of the race. Theirs is strength and happiness, and the fight is full of joy for them, but they shall become weak and without hope; nevertheless, they care nothing for this, having learnt but one lesson, which is obedience.

I also have sought to learn this lesson. Yet I know that I shall never be able to see the work that lies before me, but must bow my soul to obey, even as my path shall be shown unto me. The cool breezes and the voices of the waters and the crying of the sea-gulls have laid hold of my heart, and my way lies straight before me, for I am bound up with the things of peace for ever, and all the dwellers on the shore and in the cool waters of the harbour are in league with me. The purple light of the sunset is upon the quiet waters, and the moorhens are crying from the reeds, and all the life of the shore is silent. A bat flits overhead and a great silent owl passes like a shadow: far away the corncrakes are calling, and a fish rises out in the middle of the harbour with a splash. . . .

The dreams of my childhood come before me, but I know that I must face my fate without murmuring. All the toil and the worry of life are forgotten, and God's peace has wrapped itself about my heart for ever. I will wait patiently: the desire of my heart shall be fulfilled unto me.

THE HIGHWAY.

HERE knights have clattered past, here pikemen proud,
Here fainting pilgrims eastward not a few,
And shy, shade-lingering lovers, two and two,
And nuns and novices in saintly crowd.
Here Louis Bien-aimé emblazoned loud.
And here have high-famed conscripts carried through
Scarred standards to their doom at Waterloo,
And all have hoped and vanished into shroud.

And now on Time's top wave come labouring these,
With new beliefs, new hopes, new Love, new Trust:
Still tramp the long battalions through the dust,
And still from yon half circle of old trees —
High whispering chancel that the night wind calms—
Still Christ on Calvary holds out His arms.

H. BAGENAL.
B.E.F.

BEACH.

BY AN OLD COLLEAGUE.

ONE of the pleasant bye incidents of the war is the coming into his own of Mr. Beach Thomas. In the matter of public success or fame it has seemed to some of his friends he has been rather a long time on the road, but there is no question about his arrival to-day. He is there. Two officers of the new armies, fresh and joyous that day from the trenches of the Somme, looked eagerly through the papers as their boat train raced home to London, and exclaimed that Beach Thomas had another column and a half on the battle which they had been engaged in less than three days ago—Thomas had this about the tanks, and Thomas had that about Flanders. Here is a straw to tell which way the wind of popularity blows. It is strong in the direction of Beach Thomas to-day; but there is not the smallest risk of its doing him mischief, as it has a way of doing when men suddenly awake and find themselves in the public eye. His character is too well set for that.

Beach Thomas has done all manner of things in the writing business, and in the business and enjoyment of life generally, since he went up to Oxford as a student at the House, and he has done them all keenly.

Keeness is almost the first observed thing about the man. Whatever he does, he brings to the doing of it sometimes an amusing, always an invigorating, enthusiasm. A great public man has confessed of himself that he would not have been altogether at his ease angling with Charles Kingsley, who was as impetuous and extraordinarily zealous in his field pursuits as in his intellectual ones. Now Beach Thomas ought to have angled with Kingsley on the Whitewater or at Whitchurch, though between them they would here and there, in their duets of enthusiasm, have set down a rising fish. Beach would probably have set down quite a number. The two men would have been perfectly assorted companions. Kingsley, an optimist outright, yet had now and again a moment's depression—at least he could note a cloud obscuring momentarily the blue, as when he looked out of the inn window at Whitchurch and observed it was raining hard. Beach Thomas would have been much interested and attracted by that downpour on the dull street, urging how excellent is the feeling of getting wholesomely wet through in the open fields; how like Thoreau; and how fine the lights and shadows are from a heavily-charged sky! He would have fortified in optimism—real optimism, not its cult—even the man who drew Tom Thurnall of "Two Years Ago", and who sang the song of how the poet put the nightingale out of conceit with itself.

There is a tradition that Beach Thomas read some philosophy at Oxford. If the story is true, presumably it was the school of philosophy that finds books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything: for the spell of the open air is strong upon him. Running, bird-nesting, inquisitively flower-watching, shooting—it is the open-air spirit that chiefly keeps him at it. He will knock up fifty runs for your village team, then walk round the field viewing your odd-job man, faggotter, wattle hurdler, or umpire fresh from the harvest barn, and will be noting with joy how sundry bits of straw or good brown soil still adhere to their persons. A happy experience to be wandering about quiet English fields and hamlets in autumn with a man of this disposition, who knows that books and art are well, but that nature and the men leading wood and field lives are better.

It is a lazy assumption that a man like this must be out of his element as war correspondent, or publicist, or politician. The same level of intelligence might argue that Lord Derby was not fit to translate Homer, for he was Prime Minister—or was not fit to be Prime Minister, for he translated Homer; or that the turnip (which he introduced into English farming) should have disqualified Townshend for affairs of State. As if translating Homer, or studying turnips, or watching in fine detail how a flower passes through bud to seed, or how a bird flies, were not education, and as if education did not fit a man for public cares and duties! The friends of Beach Thomas will at any rate be under no absurd delusion of that sort. They can tell that he is succeeding on the Somme, not despite but largely through the fact that he has fitted his mind and body through an open air as well as a literary training at home, however remote these may seem from the work and spirit of war. Of course there are other reasons beside these why he has come by his own in this struggle: one of these reasons is that everybody, official and unofficial alike, can trust him. He is clean above anything in the nature of a mean act.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRELAND AND OBLIGATORY SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—That the Irish race has from time immemorial been distinguished by its fighting qualities is universally acknowledged: the old reputation is well upheld by the Irish regiments in France and in other battlefields. The question thoughtful men ask themselves

is: What is being done to utilise that martial spirit for the Empire and for the cause of liberty? To many "the answer is in the negative", as the Premier would say. Few subjects are more worthy of examination at the present stage, and it cannot be denied that Ireland, from her strategical position, and the Irish people, because of their influence in America and the Colonies, have assumed increased importance as an outcome of the war.

The Irish people, even of the southern provinces, are naturally Conservative and loyal, but too often a noisy section of malcontents, such as are to be found in every country, give Ireland a bad name. Viscount Grey was not using an idle phrase when, at the outset of the war, he declared that Ireland was "the one bright spot". If the bright spot has since been stained, it was due to lack of prescience on the part of legislators.

Universal military service in Ireland would make the Irish people more contented and more boldly expressive of their Conservatism and loyalty. That is the opinion of business men and others who, in the course of their ordinary transactions, are in a position to know the feelings of their fellow-countrymen of all classes in Ireland.

Even among English statesmen and newspapers there is a great deal of misconception—and not a little timidity—regarding Irish feeling, especially in relation to the war and Imperial interests. But it is not in Irish affairs alone that a mess has occurred in these times of hurried thought. Doubtless the statesmen who blundered as regards Ireland now realise that if military service had been established in that country at the same time as in Great Britain there would have been no outbreaks. Instead of a miserable rebellion there would have been perfect calm and an immense army of Irish soldiers at the front.

It is possible to make "the bright spot" glow once more. As to the war, the Irish are as warmly as ever on the side of the Allies and liberty. Military service would be welcomed in Ireland by all except an insignificant few. In that respect Ireland is not an exception, judging from the number of Englishmen who have taken a fancy for Irish residences lately.

In the shops, offices, banks, colleges, Government buildings, as well as on the farms throughout Ireland, nearly half a million (it is estimated) of men of military age are to be seen who would make splendid soldiers. Voluntaryism is being tried again, but with poor results. Equality of sacrifice is called for, and many think it would be unfair to go and leave others behind to "carry on" at ease. Irish employers, most of whom are Unionists, have not encouraged their employees to enlist; there is too great a desire to make money while the boom lasts.

Irish M.P.'s who lately boasted that they had saved the country from Conscription do not really represent Ireland, and they are now hiding in obscure retreats. They are the same gentlemen who misled Mr. Asquith and Mr. Birrell, and made rebellion easy. Give Ireland military service; then she will be:

"An island rising in the western wave,
Old England's sister—not a willing slave".

Yours, etc.,

HIBERNIA.

MR. CHURCHILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bilsdale Priory,

Stokesley S.O., Yorks,

20 September 1916.

SIR,—I stand exactly where you do as to Mr. Churchill, and your notes on him in your issue of the 16th inst. are excellent reading to me, marked as they are by your usual insight, courage, and chivalry.

As to the idea of the "scapegoat", the mob will always demand its sacrifice, for a mob is humanity in its most primitive state—the lowest note of the whole is taken. Its judgment is always wrong. On a certain occasion (may I say it without irreverence and

without any shadow of analogy with our subject) it shouted: "Not this Man, but Barabbas!"

Let this be Mr. Churchill's and your consolation—as it is many a man's who is trying to do his best.

Yours faithfully,

J. P. PARRY.

THE FALL OF FALKENHAYN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea,

September 1916.

SIR,—The debt which the Allies and the cause of humanity and civilisation owe to von Falkenhayn, the late Chief of the General Staff to the German Emperor, is boundless. It was he who succeeded von Moltke when the latter was sent into retirement and disgrace because his deeply laid and evil design of making a rush on Paris via Belgium utterly failed in its accomplishment owing to those heroic six divisions of the tiny British Expeditionary Force which stopped von Kluck, though the latter's legions outnumbered ours by over five to one, and then, with the French, thrashed him thoroughly on the Marne. The Kaiser, though he "with pious horror and holy grief" disdains all responsibility for the war, in his message of condolence to von Moltke's family on his recent death, eulogised him for the energy and devotion with which he had prepared so long for this war.

The want of humour of Germans, coupled with their mendacity, leads them to betray themselves in this manner. Falkenhayn, a courtier and a well-read and scientific soldier, the very antithesis of Hindenburg, has been the main factor in breaking the power of resistance of the German by his insane persistence in attacking Verdun, for which he withdrew a large part of Hindenburg's army in the East, in spite of bitter remonstrances, and so weakened Hindenburg that his plans against Petrograd were shattered. With this help the Russians were able to recuperate, while our most faithful ally, Japan, strained every nerve and commanded every factory to supply her late enemies—now her closest friends—with arms and munitions, in order to smash the devilish Hun. Falkenhayn was anxious to curry favour with the Crown Prince and to arrest the fall of the Hohenzollerns by giving a triumph to the egregious heir of the Kaiser, and by so doing, owing to the immortal deeds and bravery of the French under General Foch, he destroyed all the chances of victory which the Germans might still have had, and stuck a very big nail into the coffin of the vile Hohenzollern dynasty, and so bringing about his own indelible disgrace. No wonder Hindenburg hated him, and, being backed by the voice of the nation, forced the Kaiser to dismiss his favourite and reigned in his stead; we may say, really reigned, for the bloodthirsty monarch has been relegated to the second place and Hindenburg's voice is the first to dictate in the desperate state to which the Kaiser and Falkenhayn have reduced Germany. The latter is one of the principal apostles of "Frightfulness", to which gang the King of Württemberg and the ex-Chancellor, von Bulow, have now allied themselves—a pretty band of murderous pirates and bandits. It was he who counselled his criminally lunatic master to sanction the murders of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt, as it was Tirpitz and Ballin who advised the crime of the "Lusitania". On these men the punishment of the Allies must fall and will fall; the German nation's guilt is only secondary in degree, for every deed of murder, rapine, and pillage has been applauded by them. I am certain the vast majority of your readers and our Allies to a man will agree in the opinion expressed in your columns so forcibly by Mr. Blathwayt. The German nation "have become corrupt and have done abominable things, there is none that doeth good, no, not one".

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

"IN PRAISE OF MULES".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Tipperary,

22 September.

SIR,—The writer of the article, "In Praise of Mules", in your issue of 16 September, while indicating that he could, an' if he would, discourse to greater length on the subject, doubts whether your readers would thank him for more. I can answer for one reader, at any rate, of one of the most delightful articles it has been my lot to enjoy, even in the SATURDAY REVIEW, for a long time. Many of us are lovers of the horse and his poor and irregular relations of every branch; but to one in a million is it given to interpret the equine character in its various individual manifestations with the humour, sympathy, and understanding of your "Old Soldier". It is a great gift. Please persuade him to use it again.

I happen to have had two references "in praise of mules" in letters from the front this week, one from the French and one from the Salonica front. The latter says: "Our mules are most popular. They are so big and strong and sleek and shapely. Mules 17 hands high sometimes, with feet like gazelles. They pull wonderfully, and their health is astonishing. They are exceedingly hard-worked, yet they are all in show condition."

Yours truly,

T. P. G.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND FADDISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 September.

SIR,—The Concise Oxford Dictionary defines a fad as a "piece of fancied enlightenment". A typical faddist would like to enforce his own "enlightened" ideas and practice on all others. This attitude is common among total abstainers, but rare among moderate users of alcohol or tobacco.

Yours, etc.,

H. O. M.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

45, Sudbourne Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.,

23 September 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Frank Adkins, concludes his letter with the following: "In the meantime let drinkers and smokers refrain from making contemptuous reference to their fellow-mortals who prefer to drink pure drinks and breathe unpolluted air". The answer is: let the small minority of people who are always interfering with their fellow-mortals who drink alcoholic liquors and smoke tobacco mind their own business. They are invariably the aggressors.

The Twentieth Century Dictionary definition of a fad is quite satisfactory. Mr. Adkins is an example of decadence through abstention. It is a pity, because he possibly had the making of a great man in him, or may still have, if he is not too old.

The thought of alcoholic drink passing away is too serious to pass over in his flippant way. The British race was not built up on teetotalism, and teetotal nations have declined. These are facts, not theories. General abstention would mean the decline of the British race in the course of two or three generations. The best work in the past has not been done by teetotalers and non-smokers. Tobacco is not a necessity, I admit, but it is a help—at times it is an incalculable help. Alcohol is a necessity to produce the best that can be produced from man, either physically or mentally.

Why on earth cannot Mr. Adkins and other teetotal faddists leave ordinary mortals alone? These impertinent people do not simply follow their own fads like some faddists; they are everlastingly dinning their silly doctrines into other people until they become intolerable nuisances. Whether a man is a teetotaler or a non-smoker or a vegetarian or a fruitarian or a fresh-air crank does not matter

a row of pins to ordinary people, so long as they are not pestered with the funny little ways of these peculiar people. Very few non-teetotal people trouble to discuss the matter because they do not think it worth bothering about; but that is no reason why now and then some interfering person should not be asked to mind his own business.

Yours truly,

A. E. BALE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 September 1916.

SIR,—I am afraid that the charge of faddism brought against the advocates of total abstinence is not disposed of by the ingenious quibbles advanced by Mr. Frank Adkins. In fact, his own definition of "a fad" provides ample justification for the charge, as he would have seen if he had fixed his attention on the last two words. No one suggests that a total abstainer is a faddist because he prefers one class of beverages to another. So long as he is content to please himself and to allow other people to please themselves, no one will be likely to quarrel with him or call him names. But the advocates of total abstinence go further than that, and boldly proclaim that total abstinence is the cure for all the bodily and social ills that human flesh is heir to. Moreover, they denounce as un-Christian and totally depraved all those who do not agree with them, and they demand legislation to compel the whole community to conform to their narrow views. Surely all this comes within the definition of "any unimportant belief or practice intemperately urged". Total abstinence, as opposed to moderation, is an unimportant belief, and there can be no doubt whatever that it is intemperately urged.

Mr. Adkins contends that the importance of their object justifies the intensity of their propaganda, no matter whether they are right or wrong. That, I submit, is a very dangerous argument, because it could be held to justify the worst excesses of religious persecution. History shows that some of the worst atrocities on record stand to the credit of people who were animated by the very best intentions.

Mr. Adkins charges drinkers of alcoholic beverages, and smokers, with being faddists; but his attempt to turn the tables in that way will not hold water. Those practices have become habits, relieved from any suspicion of faddism by the fact that the majority of the members of the community indulge in them. Moreover, I am not aware of any attempt being made to compel people to drink alcoholic liquors or to smoke. To refer to these habits as "eccentricities" is also a misuse of terms, because an "eccentricity" is some departure from the normal type.

Finally, I can assure Mr. Adkins that no one will be likely to make any contemptuous reference to total abstainers and non-smokers if they will be good enough to extend to others the same freedom in the exercise of taste and habits which they claim for themselves.

Your obedient servant,

EDMUND G. POOLE.

TUBERCULIN AND CONSUMPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 September 1916.

SIR,—In his letter on the above subject—which to the seeing eye puts the whole problem of the cause and cure of consumption in a nutshell—Mr. Arthur Lovell rightly says that "it is no exaggeration to say that the white plague costs the world hundreds of thousands of human lives every year, not to speak of the money wasted in vain efforts to cure the disease". This waste of human lives and money will continue, and efforts at cure will still be vain so long as the real cause of consumption is unknown, and that it is unknown to the medical faculty as a whole is self-evident.

They—the medical faculty—say that consumption is caused by the invasion of the *Bacillus tuberculosis*, and so they endeavour to cure the disease by means of tuberculin

and other similar concoctions, to do which, as Mr. Lovell says, "is to betray utter ignorance of the laws of Nature governing the human body". To say that the bacillus is the cause of consumption is equivalent to saying that the obnoxious insects which breed in the head of an uncleanly person are the cause of that person's head becoming dirty. What would be the use of killing the insects? So long as the head remained unclean, so long would they continue to appear. But cleanse the head and keep it clean and wholesome, and there will be no more bother from insects. This is a law of Nature as much as any other law. So with consumption.

Nature says: "Supply oxygen to the lungs in sufficient quantities and the bacillus will not worry you, but if you do not do this you will lay the lungs open to premature decay, in which state—and in which state alone—the bacillus flourishes".

Were this not so no one would be immune from the disease, health would be a matter of chance. In Nature there is no such thing as chance.

From the physical point of view it is the breathing capacity which constitutes the strength of a living organism. Who would buy a horse with a narrow chest if he wished for a reliable animal? So with the human organism. A person with a narrow chest which prevents the lungs from expanding fully cannot, in any circumstances whatsoever, enjoy really good health.

Every cell in the human body—and in any living organism, in fact—requires a certain definite quantity of oxygen in order to carry out its appointed task efficiently. The cells obtain their supply of oxygen from the blood, which, in its turn, obtains it by being exposed to the air inspired by the lungs. Now it follows that if each cell requires a certain definite quantity of oxygen, a certain definite quantity must be taken into the lungs at each inspiration.

Suppose, however, that the proper quantity of oxygen is not taken into the lungs, what happens? The blood is not sufficiently oxygenised, and, consequently, the cells do not obtain their due allowance. They are thus prevented from doing their particular work well, and the organism as a whole suffers. If this goes on disease will manifest itself.

In every person there is a "weak spot", and it is in this "weak spot" that disease will commence. Thus, if a person's lungs are his weak spot, lung disease or consumption will manifest itself in that person as the result of an insufficient supply of oxygen.

Now comes the question—What is it that prevents a sufficient quantity of oxygen being taken into the lungs? The bacillus? That answer is obviously absurd.

That which prevents the proper quantity of oxygen being inspired by the lungs at each inspiration can only be that the lungs themselves do not expand fully, and this is caused either by rigidity of the bony framework of the chest or congested nose or throat, or all three at once. Therefore the only possible way of getting the lungs to take in their proper amount of oxygen is to open the air passages which lead to them, and relieve the rigidity of the bony framework which encloses them.

The cells will then receive their proper amount of oxygen, and will be restored to health and vigour; that is, of course, if the decay has not gone beyond a certain stage.

The point which has apparently escaped the notice of the medical faculty is that a person may for years go on breathing insufficiently, and is therefore really consumptive, without the appearance of the bacillus. It is this point which is the clue to the cause of consumption, for a person of the above description is always likely to fall a prey to the disease.

The bacillus tuberculosis—truly a fine-sounding name, and apt to produce the impression of much wisdom to those who know little or nothing about the subject, especially when rolled forth by the sonorous voice of authority—can only flourish in lungs which have been weakened by an insufficient supply of oxygen. In the healthy, full-breathing lung it gives no trouble whatever.

Yours faithfully,

LESLIE H. IDIENS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New Oxford and Cambridge Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.,

19 September 1916.

SIR,—The war has overshadowed some of the great problems which pressed for solution before its outbreak. Of these, one of the most important was that of the prevention and treatment of consumption.

The public does not realise that this scourge claims yearly 60,000 victims in these islands alone. Nor does it realise that with reasonable preventive measures it might be rooted out.

Mr. Lloyd George made a praiseworthy effort to do something; and held out glowing hopes—not based on a firm foundation—of complete cure, if sanatorium treatment were made general.

But, unfortunately, he did not grasp the main cause of the disease, and so the nation's money has been spent in trying to cure instead of trying to prevent. To erect sanatoria all over the country and to manage them as they have been managed in the past is waste of money pure and simple.

For let it be clearly understood that sanatorium treatment is only efficacious in cases where the patient can get the full benefit of his surroundings.

Mr. Arthur Lovell has put his finger upon the right spot in showing the weakness of sanatorium treatment from inability on the part of the doctors to deal with what really is the main cause of consumption—viz., lack of oxygen due to insufficient breathing. When this fact is grasped, the folly of tuberculin treatment will be manifest at once, more especially as regards pulmonary tuberculosis.

Every cell in the body (which is composed of many millions of cells) requires a certain amount of oxygen for vigorous life. Without oxygen the cell will flag and wither. Injections of tuberculin are absolutely futile, and remind one of asking for bread and getting a stone. Nature demands oxygen—which is a deadly foe to the bacillus; medical science (1) tries to satisfy this craving with tuberculin, under the impression that this will fortify the system and help it to resist the dreaded microbe; and this notwithstanding the utter failure of Dr. Koch's preparation, which was heralded with pæans of joy throughout the world!

What, then, is required?

First of all to note the breathing capacity of the patient, and, if faulty (as in most cases it is), to remedy it. How is this to be done?

By examination of the nasal passages and the removal of anything that obstructs the free ingress of air to the lungs. Then gentle graduated breathing and physical exercises—the former to supply the oxygen, the latter to assist in expanding and unlocking the rigidity of the chest.

Again, instead of cramming the unfortunate patient with food—often badly cooked and indigestible—the digestion should be carefully watched, and food given that a weak digestion can cope with. The fetish of suet puddings should be swept away once and for all. Then Nature will respond wonderfully, firm fibre will form, the bacillus be routed, and complete recovery (in early cases, certainly) result.

The initial mistake in diagnosing consumption has been to confuse effect with cause. The bacillus tuberculosis is not the primary cause, but a contributory one. A good breather need never contract consumption, as oxygen is fatal to the bacillus. That leads me to say that millions of money might be saved if proper breathing exercises were given in all schools, and health teaching were to have a definite place on every school curriculum. Until this is done we shall go on wasting our millions, and deeply disappointing those hopeful of cure. If the medical profession would apply more common sense to the treatment of consumption, instead of rushing after the latest serum, the proportion of cures at our sanatoria would be greatly

enhanced. One is reminded of Naaman, and what his servants told him. It was they who were wise, not he. But for them he would have remained a leper.

Yours faithfully,

J. W. WILLIAMS.

PROPAGATING GERMAN CANARDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 September 1916.

SIR,—In taking the "Daily News" to task the other day, for publishing an alarmist article from Berlin, written on the reputed authority of "one high in the councils of the German Navy", the "Morning Post" professed to credit the journal in question with sufficient acumen to discriminate between fact and fiction in such matters.

After eighteen months of fairly close observation of the comparative treatment accorded to Berlin-inspired romances about the naval affair by different sections of the London Press, I cannot share this estimate of the critical faculties of the "Daily News" in this particular; for, again and again, I have found set forth in its columns, with all the pride of place, so-called "confessions" of German naval officials and ex-officials with regard to the hopeless handicap of the German Navy, which the readers of more discriminating journals were never invited to waste their attention upon. Not that the "Daily News" is the only offender in this respect, perhaps not even the chief offender, if the evening papers are taken into account. It may safely claim, however, unless my observation is much at fault, the premier position among London morning papers as a purveyor of "heartening" reports of German self-confessions of naval impotence.

The fact that its latest misdemeanour—that of announcing the approaching completion of an armada of three hundred fighting submarines—is calculated to have anything but a heartening effect on its readers only serves to strengthen the impression that these indiscretions arise from genuine inability to discriminate between the credible and the incredible where naval rumour is concerned—an impression which would not have been anything like so strong had the preferential treatment of "optimistic" rumour, which distinguished this type of journal up to six months ago, been subsequently maintained.

That it has not been thus maintained, with the result that occasional "scare" rumours now find their way into quarters where they were once rigorously banned, may not be altogether unconnected with the brief, but highly unseemly, panic which reigned in the "Optimistic" camp on receipt of the first news of the Jutland fight—a disturbance of critical equipoise which was bound to induce questionings as to the genuineness of all those enemy confessions of naval impotence in which the members of that camp had so guilelessly believed. By the time that this natural reaction has spent itself, one can only charitably hope that all such offenders may either have learnt to approach these questions from a naval standpoint, or—to hold their peace.

Yours faithfully,

REALIST.

MAN POWER: AN EDITORIAL DILEMMA.

27 September 1916.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Will one of the SATURDAY REVIEW readers kindly tell me what an unfortunate but loyal Liberal daily paper editor is to do in regard to this Man-Power question?

Three courses for finding the men are being suggested: (1) Compulsion for Ireland; (2) combing out the Departments; (3) taking men well on in the roaring forties.

If the aforesaid Liberal editor backs the first he saves himself with (2) and (3), but damns his paper with (1).

If he adopts (2) he drops the support of the exempted and badged, though saving himself with the Irish Nationalists and the forties.

If he adopts the only remaining course and calls for the conscription of (3) he will be quite all right with (1) and (2), but (3) may henceforth, for reading matter, go elsewhere.

Yet, if he lies low and says nothing, he gives no lead on a question of great public moment: he is then a bad journalist.

He must say something, therefore. He must recommend (1) or (2) or (3), and so hurt himself with one of them. Or he must declare that none of the three classes is to be conscripted, and so hurt himself in public esteem. Or he must declare (with the married men last year): "Conscript the lot!" and so hurt himself with (1) (2) and (3).

The one other conceivable plan is for him to write in such a vague manner that none of the three can tell what in the world he wants or is driving at. But it is difficult, and may be seen through.

The dilemma of the editor in this matter positively bristles with horns: it is about as bad as being in the trenches.

Yours, etc.,

OLD HAND.

INSTINCT OR INTELLECT?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 September 1916.

SIR,—I think the instance "M. W." gives of the cat that found her friends is a similar gift that savages have of finding their way. A pigeon does not find its way by "instinct", but by observation (as I have often shown, and as any pigeon flier will bear me out). An animal, like a savage, observes its surroundings when moving about and stores them up in its memory for future use; a civilised man, when walking, is thinking of other things, and does not notice his surroundings, unless he happens to be an artist; and even then he is looking for beauty, not making a mental map of the country.

The word "Instinct" is always like a red rag to a bull to me; anyone who associates with animals intimately, as I do, knows that an animal reasons and has intellect, just like a man, only in a minor degree.

Just as a dog has more sense than a frog, so a man has more sense than a dog; but it is only a matter of degree.

The word "Instinct" was invented by some theologian, so as to be able to say, "Only a man has a soul. Animals do not reason: they only act by instinct."

The dog who gives his life for his master, or lies on his grave and starves himself to death, is "only acting by instinct", according to such people; does the man who drinks himself to death act by reason?

I saw an instance of a dog having a working knowledge of trigonometry. I described this in a sporting paper some years ago, but I think it worth repeating.

I used to go wild-boar shooting with some friends, and we had a pack of dogs of all breeds, each shooter having his own dogs, which he brought to the shoot.

The dogs were then put in charge of the head keeper, and they acted as a pack under his orders.

I was sitting at the point of a wood where two rides went off at right angles.

The keeper went up one ride from me; the master of the dog I am referring to went up the other.

The dog sat down beside me, uncertain which man to follow, and kept looking up into my face enquiringly.

The men simultaneously turned into this wood from their respective cross rides; immediately the dog set off at top speed into the wood, towards the point the two men would meet.

The dog had solved the problem which so many school-boys fail in, the 5th proposition of Euclid.

Yours, etc.,

WALTER WINANS.

GERMANY AND TREATIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 September.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Bertrand Shadwell, is doubtless correct in stating that the Germans would never keep a treaty made with the Allies.

The latter will be obliged to continue fighting until they can dictate their own terms of peace and enforce them by leaving detachments of their armies in possession of Berlin and the Prussian seaports until the indemnity has been paid. In order to hasten the payment, any attempt on the part of the Germans to create a new army or navy, of even the smallest size, must be prevented.

Yours obediently,

J. J. MEYRICK.

TEETOTAL DRINKS AND PURE DRINKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 September 1916.

SIR,—Your correspondent calls teetotal drinks "pure drinks"—"natural thirst-quenchers".

Is he thinking of tea, coffee, cocoa, lemonade, ginger-beer and barley-water?

Yours, etc.,

A WINE-BIBBER.

KITCHENER SCHOLARSHIPS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Mansion House, London, E.C.,

26 September 1916.

SIR,—The Council of the Lord Kitchener National Memorial Fund have resolved to found a number of scholarships which will enable young Britons destined for a commercial career to travel, study, and gain business experience in the countries of the Allied nations—viz.: France, Russia, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Roumania, Portugal, and Serbia.

The original purposes of the Fund will remain unchanged. They are these:

(1) To equip and endow for all time a home for disabled officers.

(2) To establish a permanent Fund for the purpose of relieving disabled officers and men in their own homes.

But the scholarship scheme will supplement these personal benefits by a national service of the first order. The scholarships will be continued from year to year for all time, and will be of the annual value of about £150 each. The scholarships will be for the sons of deceased and disabled officers and men of the Navy and Army and young men from eighteen to twenty-five years of age who have served with the Forces. As a personal memorial to Lord Kitchener nothing could be more appropriate. Lord Kitchener spent much of his life abroad. Palestine and Cyprus are associated with the start of his career. He was with the French Army in 1870. In Egypt and the Soudan he rose to fame. By his distinguished services in South Africa, in India, and in Australia he played a great part in the consolidation of the Empire. As Secretary of State for War he visited France and Italy, and it was in setting out on a mission to Russia that he met his tragic end. No one was more fully alive to the interdependence of the Allies, and its ultimate bearing on all questions involved in national progress.

Some of these questions are already beginning to emerge. After the war there will inevitably be a great increase of British trade with Russia, France, Italy, and the other Allied nations, and many firms in the large industrial centres will find themselves in need of clerks, travellers, and technical experts familiar with the languages and the business methods of these countries. This need the scholarship scheme will help to meet. The intention is that those elected to hold scholarships should begin their studies almost immediately: that they should receive instruction: (a) in Russian, French, Italian, and other languages; (b) in economics; (c) in business principles and business methods (in offices or factories, as circumstances

may determine); and that immediately at the close of the war they should be sent for a year to travel in one or other of the Allied countries, and to continue their studies in that country with the view of gaining (1) a close familiarity with its language, and (2) an intimate knowledge of its commercial methods, needs, and opportunities.

In developing this scheme the Council is being advised by business men and educational experts, so that in the end it may be carried through with the highest degree of efficiency. The Council appeals to all firms and individuals who desire to help in promoting and developing business relations with the Allied countries after the war to give this Scholarship Fund their cordial and practical support. It is of the utmost importance that the end in view should be speedily attained.

Contributions should be sent to the Lord Kitchener National Memorial Fund, Mansion House, London. Envelopes to be marked: "Kitchener Scholarships".

Yours faithfully,

C. C. WAKEFIELD,
Lord Mayor of London.

"BOCHE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

25 September 1916.

SIR,—The suggestions as to the origin of this word that have been put forward since the war began have been as numerous as they are purely conjectural. Mr. Shadwell's suggestion, in your issue of the 2nd inst., is ingenious but fantastic, and will not do. Captain Drake's, in your issue of 23rd inst., is equally untenable, for the simple reason that the word "Alboche" did not come into existence until more than two decades after "Boche" was in general use. It therefore follows that "Boche" cannot be "Alboche" decapitated. On the other hand, it is a fact that "Alboche" is a cross between "Allemand" and "Boche", this latter word, which has nothing to do with "German" etymologically, and, in its original meaning, had no ethnological signification whatever, having become synonymous with "German", after a somewhat adventurous career, at the time that the word "Alboche" sprang into being. The word "Boche" appears to have been born, in or about the year 1860, in the world of the light-o'-loves, and meant simply "mauvais sujet" as opposed to "muche", "muche" being defined by Rigaud as "Jeune homme timide", and by Delvan (1866) in substantially the same sense.

Its use was originally confined to the social stratum which gave it birth. Thence it reached, by a process of penetration which it is not easy to trace, the milieu of the Parisian printers, and it is they who first clothed it with an ethnical connotation by applying it—but not until nearly a lustrum after the Franco-German War—to printers of Flemish or German origin, and in no worse sense than "hard head", i.e., hard of comprehension, dull. From that to extending its application to Germans in general, including Luxemburgers and Alsations, all of whom came to be known, many years later, as Alboches, was an easy step, and it was taken.

It is only since the present war began that the word "Boche", meaning a German, has come to connote every form of monstrous cruelty that can be associated with unadulterated barbarism. The locution "tête de boche" is, like "alboche", an offspring, not a parent. It, also, meant "thick-head", and has acquired a literary interest through its use by Courteline and by Bruant. In "Le Pain de 8h. 47" we read: "C'est t'y qu' tu m'prends pour un menteur! Quien, preuve que v'là ta permission: . . . Sais-tu lire, sacrée tête de boche?" And in "Cotier" Bruant sings:

"Psit! . . . viens ici, viens que j' t'accroche,

V'la l'omnibus, faut démarrer!

Ruhau! . . . r' cul' donc, hé! têt' de boche!"

Your obedient servant,

D. N. SAMSON.

* "Dans la Rue", Vol. 2, page 131.

REVIEWS.

THE CHARM OF WORDS.

"Tragedies." By Arthur Symons. Heinemann. 5s. net.

ARTHUR SYMONS has the polish and finish of the deliberate artist, a little cold-blooded, perhaps, and self-conscious, but none the less acceptable, for all that, to those who value words, and prize them highly for their own sake.

The three "Tragedies" that make up his book were written presumably for reading, and not for acting. Dramatic they are not. They lack movement and driving force, but as literary exercises they are excellent.

"Cleopatra in Judæa", with its coldly political interlude between Herod and Cleopatra, seems singularly misnamed as tragedy. The best of the tragic trinity is "The Harvesters", because its subject is the most original. It gives us the Cornwall of Quiller Couch, Baring Gould, and J. J. Harris—a land not far removed, even now, from the romanticism of Tristan and Yseult. Mr. Symons catches all the rugged beauty of Cornwall and the cry of the gulls on the "loud-sounding shore". That he is imbued with the myth and legendry of Cornwall is shown by such references as that to Tregeagle, the Cornish Faust. The most picturesque figure in "The Harvesters" is Vecchan, the mad hunchback girl, who, like Ophelia, dresses fantastically and decks her hair with straws and flowers. Some of Vecchan's utterances recall the nature-magic in Maurice Hewlett's "Pan and the Young Shepherd":

"Vecchan (counting on her fingers):

'There is our grandmother, the Earth,
And she is hooded with a great bonnet of leaves
And wears a green robe; and Our Lady, the Sea,
Who has come with the skipping young waves in her
train,
And she wears blue; and this you cannot well see,
For the cloak of clouds she is wrapped in is the
Wind.'

As Mary says of Vecchan:

"I envy her
For she can see the other side of things
As our dreams can".

The other two plays, "The Death of Agrippina" and "Cleopatra in Judæa", are tamer. Since "Quo Vadis?" no writer has given us any notable insight into Nero, although latterly the wonderful character of his mother Agrippina has fired the imaginations of poets and historians. Who can forget the remarkable picture, in Baring Gould's "Tragedy of the Cæsars", of the outraged Empress facing the henchmen of her monstrous son after his plots for her murder had failed? "Strike here", she said to the butchering soldiery, "and smite the womb that bore the monster". One of the best plays of Stephen Phillips was "Nero's Mother", and John G. Nechardt, the American poet, wrote a good drama on the same subject a year or two ago. Mr. Symons seizes a newer phase of the incident, and presents Nero in his palace at Baïæ with the dead body of Agrippina. He brings in Poppæa and Seneca, a teacher with his influence gone, but his Nero somehow falls short of tragedy, just as also does the bantering of Cleopatra.

But in days of slipshod English it is good to have Arthur Symons, to lose oneself in the beaten harmony of his language, the rhythmic movement and colour of his lines. He is one at whose speech Catullus assuredly would not "make mouths". Says his Cleopatra:

"Thirteen years
Had made me and had unmade Antony;
But when he stepped between the silver oars
Into the music and the purple cloud
His eyes remembered".

A MAD DOCTOR AND HIS WISHES.

"The Freudian Wish and its Place in Ethics." By
Edwin B. Holt. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.

AMERICAN psychologists have given much attention to Freud, the German alienist, and several of his works have been translated by Americans into English, and so have found a public here to whom Freud has been of some interest. There are "The Psychopathology of Everyday Life", and "The Interpretation of Dreams". Another book suited to the general reader is on "Wit", which appears not to have been translated. Prof. Holt gives several instances of Freud's treatment of this still mysterious human faculty. They suggest that Freud's treatment is quite as amusing, and no doubt quite as incomplete and unconvincing, as the better known dissertation of M. Bergson on laughter. These represent the lighter side of Freud's labours. He is by profession a "Mad-Doctor", as the vulgar speak, who has found that some aspects of his painful speciality have an everyday interest, and lend themselves readily to the making of popular books, or of books which attract the better educated, but not professionally trained, reader. Freud has had, it would appear, considerable success in applying his method to the diagnosis and treatment of mental and nervous derangements, but he is not a professed philosopher—that is, a student or writer on metaphysics, or normal psychology and ethics. In America, however, a number of doctors of philosophy have found more, as they think, bearing on general psychology and ethics in Freud's work than Freud himself intends. Freudism is something to them newer and more *recherché* than pragmatism or behaviorism, or other isms, and entitles its professors to speak with disrespect of "the older psychologists and ethicists". Prof. Holt is one of these Freudists, and his object in this book is to bring out some of the "implications" of Freudism, which entitle it to rank as a new "ethic" revolutionising the investigation of human nature, or the soul, human conduct, virtue and vice, education and training, and moral aims and purposes. This, of course, is more important than the psychopathology of everyday life and the interpretation of dreams, and wit; but it must be confessed it is not quite so amusing. Freud seems to have taken the cream of the interest, but Prof. Holt's book is not all "implication", and it has interesting and amusing chapters on wishes, and dreams, and liars and hypocrites, thought-reading and wit, with "Teddy" Roosevelt, amongst others, as the subject or butt, quite in the Freudian manner.

Everything turns in reading Freud on the Freudian wish. The first point is that "wish" is not a well-chosen word; it is ever so much more than is usually meant by that word. Freud's definition is clumsy. Prof. Holt helps us over this first difficulty. Wish includes all that would commonly be so classed, and also whatever would be called impulse, tendency, desire, purpose, attitude, and the like. An exact definition of wish is that it is *any purpose or course of action* which some mechanism of the body is *set* to carry out, whether it actually does so or not. The wish is dependent on a *motor attitude* of the physical body, which goes over into overt action and *conduct* when the wish is carried into execution. Some wishes are compatible with each other, while others are antagonistic, and it is in the interplay of wishes that one finds the text of the entire Freudian psychology. The antagonism of wishes, the struggle between those that may be or are given their outlet, and the "suppressed" wishes which are not, imply the character of a man. They are the key to normal or abnormal conduct; they account for all kinds of lapses in conduct, for slips of the tongue and the pen, for ludicrous mistakes, for dreams, and for wit. The "suppressed" wish is the key to psychology. It might very well explain Germany, if applied with scientific indifference by Freud or Prof. Holt. The

"suppressed" wish of reducing all other peoples to the condition of vassal States, which was incompatible with the normal healthy thought of a righteous people, made Germany long a nuisance to Europe, and at last broke out through all reticences and restraints into the condition which we should term hysteria or insanity in the individual. It is exactly a case for Freud.

We are not at all sceptical about the practical value of the Freudian rule in diagnosing mental cases, or estimating character and conduct, or interpreting dreams, or the value of its principle in education, or as to its definition of the wise man as he who has learnt the art of organising his wishes with discrimination as the result of his experiences. Its newness and originality as a philosophy is another matter. It seems to us, from this point of view, to be quite as old as St. Paul, or Latin writers born before Christ, or even Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit. St. Paul found a law of his members warring against each other, so that when he would do good, evil was present with him. "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor" is in Ovid, but its sense would probably be found in the original tongue. Prof. Holt, indeed, does not speak of "the flesh and the spirit". The soul, to him, as something conceived as distinct from the body, is the empty theory of the "ghost-soul". He says: "If, now, the wishes *are* the soul, then we can understand, in all literalness, Aristotle's dictum, that the soul 'is the *form* of a natural body endowed with the capacity of life'; soul is indeed the *entelechy*". Prof. Holt is entitled, like everybody else, to hold what theory he pleases as to the soul; but his view of the matter is neither proved nor disproved by Freudism. Freudism leaves the old problem just where it was, and it is not Freudism either, because Freud apparently has had no occasion for his purpose to "implicate" the soul.

Prof. Holt has, however, a better case when he turns to ethics, and claims that the Freudian ethics offer a literal and concrete justification of the Socratic or Platonic teaching as to the identification of virtue and wisdom. The antagonism of two dispositions or inclinations, the Freudian wishes, is often, it is true, resolved by knowledge which determines what course shall be followed. When we know, for instance, as in Prof. Holt's excellent illustration, that a certain kind of mushroom is poisonous, but another kind, which is edible, closely resembles it, our dilemma as to eating or not eating may be compared with that which arises as to some moral act. The mushroom dilemma is settled by the requisite botanical knowledge. But the doctors tell us there may be complete knowledge as to the consequences of an act existing with an abnormal state of mind which prevents right conduct—they call it insanity, though the law will not. The law takes up the Socratic or Freudian position and says knowledge of right and wrong is sufficient. The doctors say it hangs the irresponsible. Perhaps, when the law and the doctors have settled their difference, it may be possible to assert that, given the requisite amount of knowledge, virtuous conduct will always be assured.

SNAPSHOTS OF THE "OLD" ARMY.

"From Mons to Loos: Being the Diary of a Supply Officer." By Major Herbert A. Stewart, D.S.O. Blackwood. 5s. net.

ON 11 August 1914 Major Stewart sailed from Southampton with some fifteen hundred troops. In a tramp steamer of about a thousand tons, room enough was found for half a battalion of the *Middlesex* Regiment and for detachments of Engineers, Artillery, and the Army Service Corps. Add ammunition, some horses and some motor-cars, and the little "Seven Seas" will be understood as a microcosm of the British Army. She carried more than an eightieth part of the Expeditionary Force.

At nightfall the vessel anchored off Ryde, and every-

one lay down on deck to sleep for a few hours. At 1 a.m. on 12 August the voyage was resumed, and fifteen hours later it ended at Havre. Our troops "were more amused than inspired" by the ardent welcome they received, but, feeling that some response was expected, they hummed and whistled the "Marseillaise", and sang "Britannia" and "Tipperary". At every halt in their journey towards Amiens they were met by joyous crowds, from whom they received wine and beer and fruit and flowers. From Amiens Major Stewart went to Landrécies, and thence to Aulnoye, his destination. For two days he travelled in a motor from village to village, buying fuel, hay, straw and vegetables; the villagers gave him a great reception, and no salesman asked anything above market prices.

On Monday, 17 August, Major Stewart motored to Noyelles and met his brigade, the 9th of the 3rd Division. The Expeditionary Force was concentrating: it comprised a Cavalry Division and four Infantry Divisions—the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th. About 80,000 men in all were to challenge the huge German Army after years of adequate warning. Their concentration was not quite completed on the night of 20 August, but the advance began next morning, and some artillery and engineer units came up two or three days later. On Saturday, 22 August, our men passed the battlefield and monument of Malplaquet; a mile or so beyond they crossed the Belgian frontier and were welcomed as deliverers. The Belgians did not understand the danger of their position; it seemed to them that all would be well now that the British had arrived. On Sunday the 23rd, when Major Stewart entered Mons to obtain 17,000 rations, every shop was open and people in their best clothes appeared to be enjoying a holiday. Yet the French on our right and left had been compelled to retire, and the British, their flanks uncovered, were faced by 200,000 of the enemy.

From blind confidence the people were plunged suddenly into despair. Major Stewart met a great many refugees, and they never even glanced at our soldiers. "That army in which they had felt such confidence was now fighting for its own existence, and was quite powerless to stop—much less repel—the dread scourge spreading broadcast over Belgium." And the author continues: "Added to my feeling of deep pity for the poor women and helpless little ones was an acute sense of humiliation—these women had looked to us to defend them, they had greeted us as deliverers, and in my own case at least I had assured the anxious ones only yesterday that the British Army would never desert them. How could I now look these people in the face? It would have been better for our prestige if we had never entered Belgium at all, rather than to be kicked out of it, neck and crop, as soon as we met the German forces."

We quote this passage for two reasons: it is like a criticism from the grave, because so many men of the first army are now dead; and it asks British people never to forget the tragedy that came from their pre-war frivolities. Had they shown common sense towards the German menace there would have been no need to set 80,000 men to do the work of 500,000.

On 27 August, at 6 a.m., the retreating troops left St. Quentin. They were footsore, dirty, ragged, and worn with privation and fatigue. Five days and nights of incessant fighting had given them no respite for rest and food; shot and shell had poured upon them, "yet, in spite of all, the spirit of these splendid soldiers was still unbroken, time and again they had turned on their gigantic pursuer. At Le Cateau the day before they had rent his leading ranks and left his

dead in thousands strewing the fields, and though battered and worn they had caused him to pause dismayed, until he could bring fresh legions forward to renew the attack."

A million men of this fibre, besides rescuing Belgium from the butchers of Termonde and Louvain, would have carried the war into Germany within a month. Major Stewart speaks very plainly to the people at home, but his emotion would be more effective if he employed the weapons of ridicule and irony. From St. Quentin to Ham the road was lined with hundreds of British troops who had dropped out of the ranks too exhausted to continue the march. Many struggled on after a short rest. Our rearguard fought magnificently, and the main body of our troops crossed the Somme and bivouacked for a few hours in the fields south of Ham. Suddenly the German pressure relaxed, with the result that our men had a much easier time during their march to Noyon. They got some rest, and soon they were in high fettle again. The retreat went on for thirteen days, passing through many historical places, including Crécy, which was reached on 3 September.

Major Stewart's chapter on "The Marne" contains many vivid snapshots, but it throws no new light on the battle, which has been called "The Miracle of the Marne". Other chapters pass from operations on the Aisne to Neuve Chapelle and Ypres, and thence to Hooze and Loos. Dates and the time of day are given with great care, always an important point, and no attempted fine writing spoils the narrative. Major Stewart writes as he would talk at home by the fireside. His candour shows at times the gnawing strain by which an officer in the Army Service Corps is worried all day long. It would be interesting to know how many miles Major Stewart travelled in his motor-car by day and by night during the first eight weeks of his experiences, always on work essential to the distribution of supplies. There is useful information on that great movement which transferred the British Army from the Aisne into Flanders. It began on the night of 1 October, and rumours and conjectures were numerous. Some spoke of a return to England! The French authorities were exceedingly helpful, assisting our troops in every possible manner.

"In France", says Major Stewart, "the organisation for war and the patriotism and unselfishness of all classes of the people are beyond praise. . . . We in England considered it necessary to appeal through brightly-coloured posters to the youths who left others to save their homes from the flames, their women from outrage, and their business from ruin. In democratic France every man and woman must bear their share of the nation's sufferings. Those men who are not shouldering the rifle are mobilised and working in factories for the Army's needs as soldiers at soldiers' wages."

There are several references to German atrocities. A British officer at Haisnes on 25 September 1915 saw the British wounded bombed to death by the enemy, who had retaken the trenches in this portion of the battlefield. Wounded men were collected, then placed between two traverses of a trench, and murdered there. If only this book, with several others, could be published by the State and distributed as a gift to the people, our country would live closer and closer to the battle-lines, and the real spirit of a Crusade would have a chance of gaining empire over all classes. "Remember the fate of Belgium", says Major Stewart, "the sinking of the 'Lusitania', the murder of our wounded, and the cold-blooded execution of Nurse Cavell!"

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GOD IN HISTORY.

"The Divine Aspect of History." By J. R. Mozley.
Cambridge University Press. Two volumes. 36s. net.

THE publication of this book at this time by the Cambridge University Press is a cause for congratulation. It brings with it an assurance that the love of learning and the cultivation of the gifts of the spirit by which men live are kept safe through even the greatest of wars. The book is also a heartening and a cheering one. It reminds us that civilisation has endured through all manner of vicissitudes and all manner of dangers, through the divine care and the unquenchable hope and endurance of man; and that in that vital spark the hope of man's progress has always dwelt.

Yet, in comparison with the age and the magnitude of the universe, how brief is man's existence! How puny his mightiest efforts! "Human history", Mr. Mozley writes, "is but a brief fragment. Time eternal, as it must succeed the present day, so must have preceded it; space infinite lies around us. . . . It is hundreds of millions of years, if we may trust the astronomers and physicists, that the stars of heaven have been gathering splendour and pouring out their light into the regions of space." While the earth itself has been forming through unnumbered æons.

But the very vastness of time and space suggest two reflections. If the making of man's body has taken many æons, what can "time" have to do with the making of man himself? The process, the instruments, the atmosphere, cannot be limited by "time". Secondly, man has instinctively felt that there must be some good purpose of God, some latent possibility in man himself, to explain why God has singled man out above all His works to lavish upon him such infinite wisdom and care. For this reason man refuses to be abashed by the immensity of the material world or the wideness of eternity. The thought is seldom absent that within man's spirit there lies a certain quality which makes him more akin to God who made him than to the dust of the earth. It found expression in the wistful words: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" It is philosophically justified to-day in Mr. Balfour's words: "In the sight of a righteous God material grandeur and moral excellencies are incommensurable quantities; and an infinite accumulation of the one cannot compensate for the smallest diminution of the other". It is not easy for us to recapture the confidence of the Jews who believed the promise: "I will be your God, and ye shall be My people". To-day Mr. Balfour writes: "We search out God with eyes grown old in studying Nature, with minds fatigued by centuries of metaphysic, and imaginations glutted with material infinities". God seems hard to find and impossible to comprehend until we discover a finer measure than material age and grandeur.

There would seem to be two distinct warring elements at work within the spirit of man. The one is born of the earth, it consists of old, far off cults having their origins in the earth and its seasons. The other is from above, it is the gradual leading of the Spirit of God. The spiritual history of the world is the story of the conflict of these two tendencies, and how the one gradually overcame the other. This conception of God in history teaches us that, since God is a God of Truth, all history and science are a revelation of Himself; that His teaching has been limited to no age, no country, no people; that it may be traced not only in the higher religions, but in their dim, obscure beginnings. It permits us to see in the revelations of the astronomer and the geologist a more sublime story of the creation than the Jewish story, and an outlook wider than the Psalmist's: "He made the stars also". Nor does it detract from the world's unforgettable debt to the Jew.

Few stories are more fascinating and instructive than the story of ancient civilisation. We find that Abraham, instead of coming at the dawn of history, dwelt in a civilised world. The civilisation of Crete extends

from 2 to 4,000 years B.C. While the histories of Chaldea and Egypt extend back 7,000 or 8,000 years before Christ.

Mr. Mozley has much that is wise and helpful to say of the early Bible narratives. "Four hundred years ago", he remarks, "it was the universal opinion of Christians that the moral teaching of the Bible was unerring, and the Bible narratives true without exception or qualification. Such an opinion at the present day is rare, nor can it be justified." The earliest chapters of Genesis contain Semitic traditions, or folklore, which, in less pure forms, were widely prevalent in the East, reaching as far as India, Persia, and Thibet. We first touch history in the migration of Abraham from Chaldea late in the third millennium B.C. Jewish history centres around the two characters, Abraham and Moses. In each case it centres around an act of noble and striking self-abnegation. The story of the Patriarchs is undoubtedly a story of real men, although it contains elements of history, poetry, and legend. The narrative of their search for a country which they never possessed, yet always believed in, is one of the most moving stories in the world. It made them what they are, the spiritual ancestors of all those who, in all ages and lands, seek after a heavenly, and not an earthly, country. It also teaches, as no other stories can teach, the supreme importance of character; and "character", said an old Greek, "is our destiny".

A striking example of this appears to have been curiously misunderstood in this book. When Jacob, at his mother's bidding, deceives his father Isaac, the narrative nowhere either approves or condemns his conduct. Yet the result of that act of deceit dogs his footsteps wherever he goes with the inevitableness of the forces of Nature or of Greek tragedy, until it culminates in the scene where Jacob is shown the blood-stained coat of his favourite son. The true grandeur of these Old Testament characters is revealed

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in Browning's poem "Saul", and in Robertson's sermon on Elijah. In these stories human nature is described by a master hand—the pity and the pain that surrounds it, the tragedy that underlies it, the joy that shines upon it, the sin that dogs it, and the mastery of love that enables it to triumph over all. But the narrative is the narrative of a poet and a seer rather than of an historian. So, "when we read of intercourse between God and Abraham, of God speaking and Abraham replying, we must not think . . . of verbal speech, but rather of such intercourse as God has with men now; of the uplifted and recipient heart, and the impression made on the suppliant as he tries, with God's help, to determine the lines of duty".

One would like to have seen more space given to the religion of Egypt. Here, on the banks of the Nile, it seems probable that man first rose to the heights of Monotheism and of a hope of spiritual immortality. The value to the world of the great religions of the East, of Babylonia, of India, of Persia, and of China is clearly shown. Also the special characteristic of Eastern religion; the emphasis it lays on experience rather than action. Nevertheless, among the many wise sayings culled from the East, many teach practical religion, as the beautiful saying of the Buddha: "As the bee collects nectar, and departs without injuring the flower, or its colour or scent, so let a sage dwell in a village".

Of Greece Mr. Mozley writes with love and discrimination. He sums up the chapter on "The Hellenic Quest after Truth" thus: "The extraordinary variety of Greek achievements, both by external actions recorded in history and by works of literature and art, is the characteristic which first strikes us; but the real goodness of some eminent Greeks, and the intensity of moral and religious feelings in these select persons is a nobler possession still. . . . The greatest absolute achievement of the Hellenic race was the steady and clarifying of the intellect." In the ancient world only "the narrow thread of living gold which runs through the history of Israel" is found to surpass Attica. Yet the addition must be made: "Of all parts of human history, Greek history is that which is most filled with the examples of the frailty which accompanies human activity".

The chapters which will receive the greatest attention are those which treat of the life and death of Christ. These valuable chapters contain much that is suggestive and helpful at the present time. And however much some may differ from the conclusions reached, all will recognise in these pages the reverence and truthfulness which this subject requires. The mystery of the Christ involves the problem of Divine action upon the world through personality. As Mr. Mozley shows, this action is ever going on through every man who calls God his Father. But personality itself is an unsolved mystery. The mystery of the spirit of man is akin to the mystery of that diviner spirit which was compared to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and no man can tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. How much more true is this of that profound Personality which has exercised so strange an influence upon the world through nineteen centuries. Mr. Mozley's words are profoundly true: "The life of Jesus Christ was not a tragedy and a failure, but the turning point in the history of the earth on which we live, and through it all terrestrial life began to partake of the immortal quality, if not instantaneously and obviously, yet essentially and in the ages that shall be".

St. Paul warns us that here we see Truth only in a blurred vision, as through a mirror. Yet if more light comes to us it will probably come to us from the East, which already has given to the world its greatest treasures. In the West we are but copyists, and too often we spoil what we touch. The East is, to borrow a well-known simile, the world's subliminal self, "half lumber-room, half king's treasury". It is stored with the lumber of ages—and with truths which may regenerate the world.

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The author gossips agreeably about the history of aeroplanes, which does not go back very far. Blériot's cross-Channel flight took place in 1909. The first serious air raid on England took place in 1915. The management and control of the modern machine are explained, and the author has some thrilling experiences of his own to relate, as well as various feats by others. The landing is always an important consideration, and depends on the type of engine used. Very fast machines can be landed at comparatively slow speeds, which sounds like a paradox. Learning to Fly, Cross-country Work, and Technical Terms all have their special chapters, and the advantages and disadvantages of the airship as compared with the aeroplane are examined. Mr. Winchester has some interesting suggestions to offer concerning the best means to foil the Zeppelin at night. That huge monster requires overhauling, we learn, after one journey to England, and cannot be used on two consecutive evenings. The aluminium rivets are always subjected to a great strain, as anyone with a knowledge of practical mechanics is aware. But the public knows little about such things: it does not even realise the working of the petrol engine, which is at the back of so much modern advance in propulsion.

"Some Experiences in Hungary—August, 1914, to January, 1915." By Mina Macdonald. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

The author, when the war began, was companion to the two daughters of a Hungarian magnate who lived near Pressburg. She pays a striking tribute to the kindness of the family, and witnesses that the outbreak of the war did not make any difference in their attitude towards an "enemy alien". Clearly, German and Austrian ideas in this matter are widely different. The author found the Hungarians in war-time "immeasurably superior in point of good breeding to their German oppressors." She got her correspondence through Rome, and her liberty was not hampered in any way. She records a good deal of natural, revealing talk among her people and the wounded soldiers. A Light Blue Hussar invalided home explained that "it isn't in us to be good officers—but we remain human beings, while those Germans are nothing but machines. *Pfui*". Altogether the book gives a bright picture of life in comfortable quarters, modified by a strong sense of humour, and the difficulties which Miss Macdonald found about getting away to England were easily surmounted, and were, indeed, chiefly due to her privileged and irregular position. How was she, unregistered as an enemy alien, to leave the country? The interview with the Oberstuhlrichter concerning this complication is quite amusing. There are some striking pictures of peasants in their elaborate costumes.

"In Luxemburg in Wartime." By Francis Gribble. Headley. 5s. net.

Mr. Gribble, as the world knows, was familiar with the discomforts of Ruhleben. He was spirited thither, without knowing his fate or destination, out of Luxemburg, and in this book he reveals with the pen of a practised writer the little State under the domination of the Prussian bully. The picture has a certain novelty, because it does not include murder and arson, but it shows, as Mr. Gribble hints, that societies for the cultivation of tact might be useful in Germany. The Grand Duchess of Luxemburg has Prussian sympathies, but her people have not. They volunteered to fight for France, and not German land. Yet German trade and German tourists bulk large in the Duchy. Mr. Gribble examines this unpopularity of the Germans with some subtlety. Certainly he mentions exceptions to the national lack of human feeling, though the peaceful invasion of Luxemburg was crude enough. No ultimatum was presented; the little army was locked up in its own barracks; "preventive arrests" were frequent; and the spy mania ran its usual wild course. The damage done was in theory to be redeemed in cash; but here, as elsewhere, there are some outstanding items which need settlement. Pro-German residents in Vianden, where Mr. Gribble was living, did not exactly have a happy time, and ladies willing to assist in Red Cross work were eager, when explaining in detail, to nurse French, English, or Belgian wounded. Their idea was: "The Prussians have made the mess, and the Prussians must clear it up". A quiet lady said with a scowl: "Ah! monsieur. Si seulement en pouvait exterminer cette race!" The book is an effective anthology of such remarks and stories.

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